

ALL WINNERS

Number
7

Stan Lee,
Editor



**TIMELY
COMICS**

THE HUMAN TORCH

CAPTAIN AMERICA

SUBMARINER

THE DESTROYER

THE WHIZZER



AMERICA'S SMASH SUCCESSES!
First **KRAZY KOMICS** — *Now* **TERRYTOONS**

ALL-WINNERS COMICS is published quarterly at Meriden, Conn., by U.S.A. Comic Magazine Corp. Entered as second class matter April 24, 1941 at the post office at Meriden, Conn., under Act of March 3, 1879. Contents copyright 1942 by U.S.A. Comic Magazine Corp., 330 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y., Martin Goodman, Pres. Vol. 1, No. 7, Winter, 1942-43 issue. Yearly subscription \$4.00 in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and that any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A.

THE HUMAN TORCH
CAPTAIN AMERICA
THE SUB MARINER

WINTER
ISSUE NO. 7

ALL WINNERS

10¢



FROM OUT OF NOWHERE,
THE CHILL FINGERS OF DOOM
REACHED OUT TOWARDS
AMERICAN SOLDIERS--UNTIL
THE **HUMAN TORCH** TAUGHT
THE NAZIS NOT TO SERVE

**"DEATH
FOR BREAKFAST"**

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. 1940
COPYRIGHT, 1942



ON CARRAWAY ISLAND, ONE OF THE REMOTE OUTPOSTS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY...

FORWARD! IN
DER NAME OF
DER FEUHRER!

DER GESTAPO SAYS VE VILL
HAVE NO TROUBLE IN
TAKING DER ISLAND.

DER GESTAPO
WASS
RIGHT

JA - ALL DER
AMERICAN SOLDIERS
ARE DEAD.

SUCH AN
EASY BATTLE-
HA-HA!

IMMEDIATELY SEIZING UPON THE PROPAGANDA
POSSIBILITIES, THE NAZI RADIO FLASHES THE NEWS -

THE GERMAN ARMY **TOOK**
CARRAWAY ISLAND FROM THE
AMERICANS IN A **TWO-HOUR**
BATTLE. THE AMERICAN
GARRISON WAS
COMPLETELY
WIPE OUT!

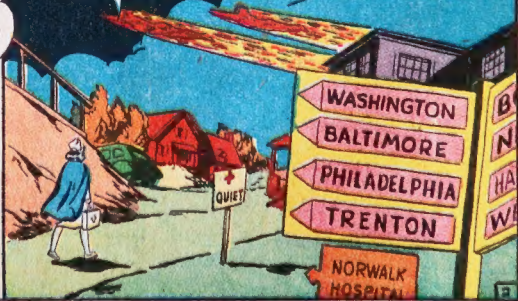
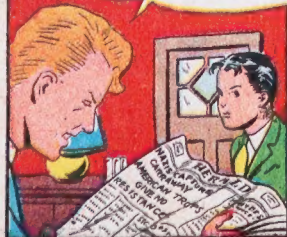
- AND TORCH AND TORO SOON
HEAR ABOUT IT.

THERE MUST HAVE BEEN
SOMETHING WRONG WITH
THE TROOPS - COULD
THEY HAVE BEEN **SICK?**
AMERICAN TROOPS
WOULD HAVE PUT UP A
BETTER FIGHT THAN
THAT! WE'RE GOING
TO WASHINGTON NOW!

USING THE FASTEST MEANS AT THEIR DISPOSAL,
TORCH AND TORO FLAME TOWARD WASHINGTON

MIGHTY NICE OF
COLONEL JACQUET TO
LET US VISIT THE CENSORSHIP
BUREAU, EH, TORO?

YOU BET! MAYBE
I'LL LEARN SOME NEW
ANGLES ON WRITING
LOVE LETTERS!



AT THE BUREAU, THEY SEE MAIL BEING CENSORED.

BECAUSE OF YOUR REPUTATION, WE'RE GOING TO LET YOU IN ON SOME OF OUR METHODS.

GEE! UNCLE SAM SURE HAS LONG ARMS AND SHARP EYES!

THANK YOU, SIR

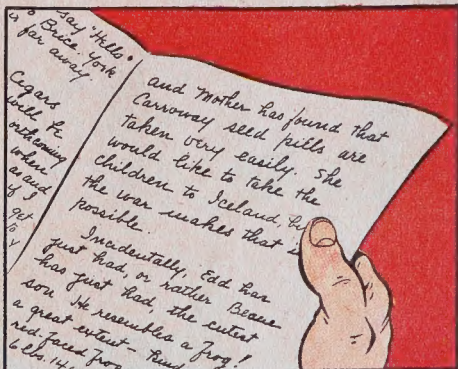
WE SEARCH THE INSIDE AND OUTSIDE OF EVERY ENVELOPE WITH THESE SPECIAL MIRRORS. SOMETIMES WE EVEN USE CHEMICALS TO MAKE SURE THERE'S NO SECRET MESSAGE



A LETTER FROM CANADA!!!

NOW, THESE LETTERS WERE FOUND HARMLESS.

YOU MEAN THEY HAVE NO SPY CODE MESSAGE?



"CARRAWAY-TAKEN-VERY-EASILY-" THAT'S THE NAME OF THE ISLAND THE NAZIS JUST CAPTURED!

FLUTTERIN' FIREBALLS! IT'S MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS.

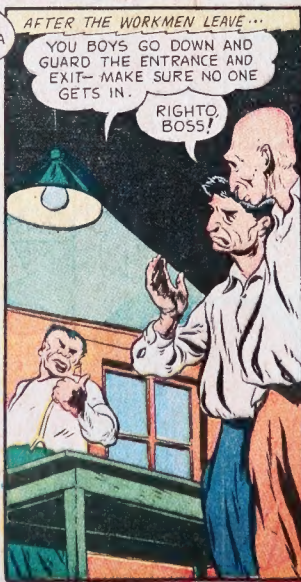
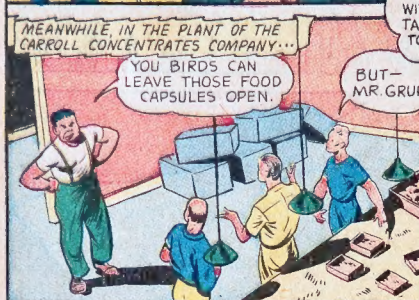
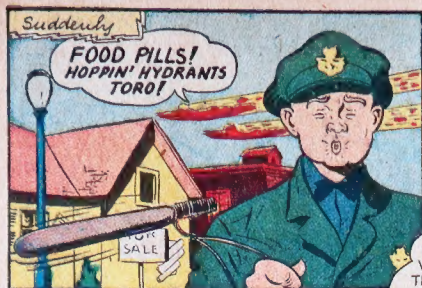
MAYBE THE LETTER IS OK. - BUT, IF IT ISN'T, THEN SPIES MIGHT SEND AND RECEIVE IMPORTANT INFORMATION BY USING THE INNOCENT-LOOKING PHRASING.

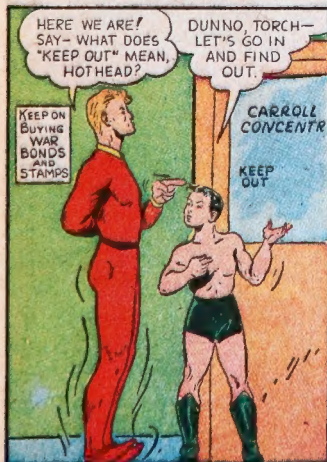
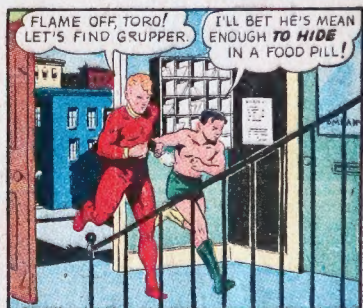
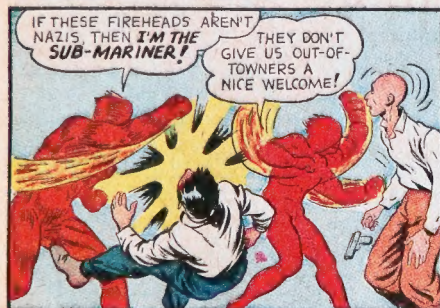
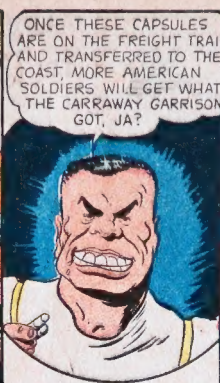
AFTER BIDDING THEIR BUREAU FRIEND GOOD-BYE, THE SWIFT SONS OF FLAME LEAVE WASHINGTON - HEADED FOR...

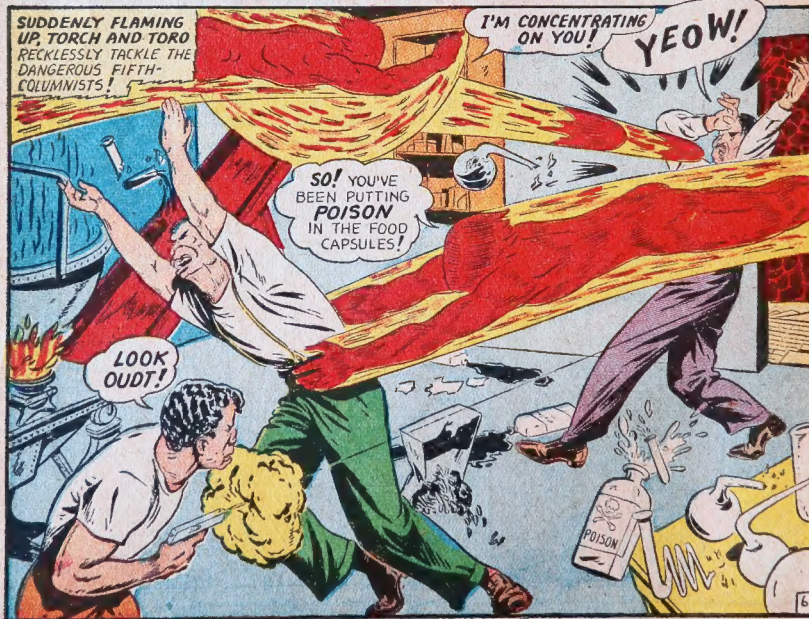
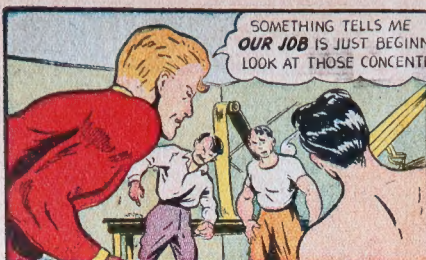
Joe Gruffer forman Carroll Concentrates East, USA

"CARROLL CONCENTRATES" IS THE NAME OF A BIG COMPANY THAT HAS ORDERS TO MAKE FOOD CONCENTRATES FOR U.S. SOLDIERS.









THE SONS OF FIRE SWIFTLY BRING THE NAZIS TO THEIR KNEES.

LOOK, TORO! GRUPPER'S TRYING TO GET AWAY!

ENOUGH!

HOPE TORCH FOLLOWS!

I'LL TURN THIS VALVE AND COOL OFF THE TORCH!
HA-HA!

ICE-WATER SPRINKLER
DANGER!

HE'S RUSHING THROUGH THAT SPRINKLER SYSTEM, TORO.

THAT'S WHAT THEY USE TO COOL THE GELATINE MOULDS OF THE FOOD PILLS, EH, TORCH? WELL, WE'LL HEAT THEM UP!

HUNDREDS OF GALLONS OF FREEZING ICE-WATER DOUSE TORCH AND TORO AND RIP THEIR FLAMES OFF.

BRRR! THAT WATER'S COMING DOWN SO FAST, I CAN'T BREATHE!

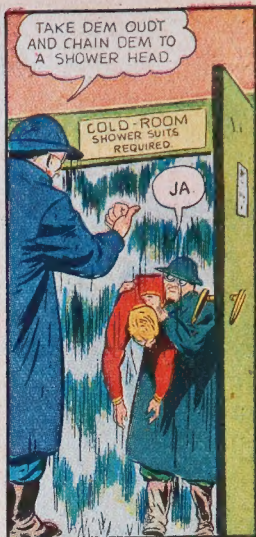
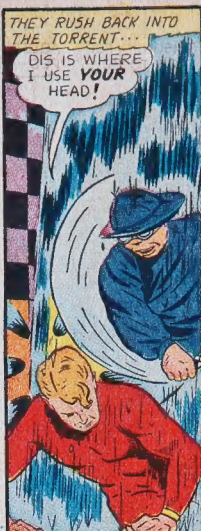
GOSH! I'M J-UST AB-OUT FROZEN!

SUDDENLY

A SHOWER!
BR-R-R!

AN' WE HAVEN'T EVEN A CAKE OF SOAP!

NOW, I WILL PUT ON THESE WATER-GOGGLES AND FINISH MISTER TORCH!



OUR NAZI BROTHER IN CANADA GETS INSTRUCTIONS THEN HE WRITES ME IN SUCH AN INNOCENT WAY THAT HIS LETTER GETS BY THE AMERICAN CENSOR

I USE THE SAME CODE AND TELL HIM WHERE THE POISONED FOOD TABLETS ARE TO BE SHIPPED...

THEN THE NAZIS ATTACK THAT PLACE AND OUR SOLDIERS ARE DEAD OR DYING. NO WONDER THERE WAS NO RESISTANCE AT CARRAWAY ISLAND

THE SINISTER GRUPPER EXPLAINS THE PLOT.

I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW HOURS TO KILL YOU - IF PNEUMONIA DOESN'T KILL YOU FIRST!
HA-HA!

KEEP OUT

SHOWER WHEN LIGHT IS RED

CHAINED AND HELPLESS UNDER THE ICE-WATER, TORCH AND TORO AWAIT A CHILL FATE.

G-GOSH! L-LOOKS L-LIKE THE END, TORCH!

I'M SO DRENCHED I CAN'T FLAME UP!

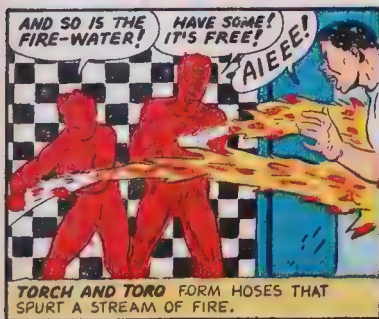
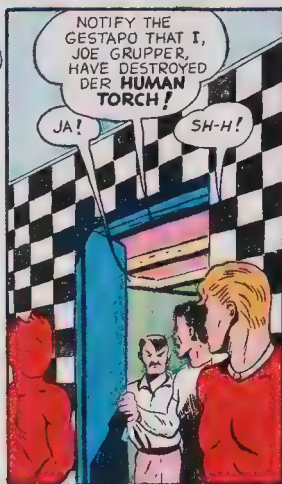
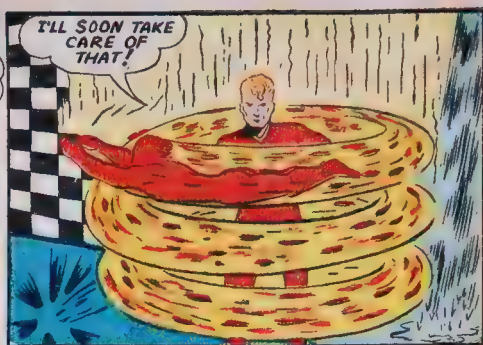
WAIT! I'VE AN IDEA!

THIS'LL KEEP THE WATER OFF YOU, TORO.

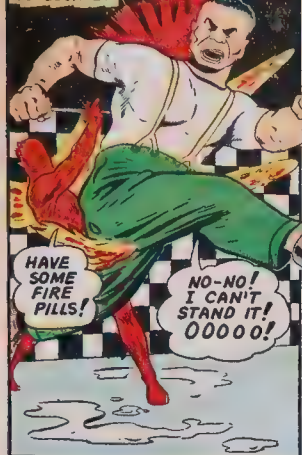
I GET YA! MAYBE I CAN DRY OUT A LITTLE.

ABOUT HALF AN HOUR LATER...

TORCH! TORCH! I CAN FLAME! I'LL BURN THROUGH THE CHAINS!



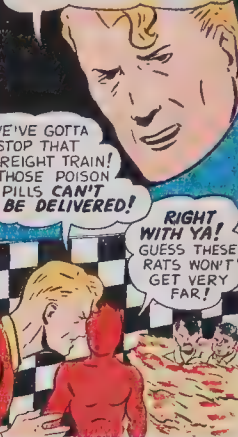
DESPERATE FROM BLOWS INFLICTED BY THE TORCH GRUPPER ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE.



HE SWALLOWS SOME OF HIS OWN POISONED FOOD CONCENTRATES...

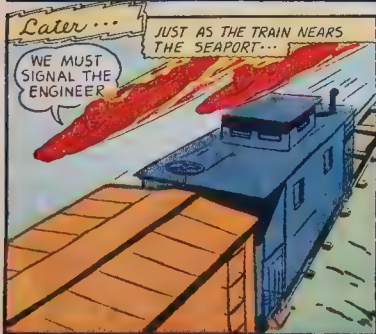
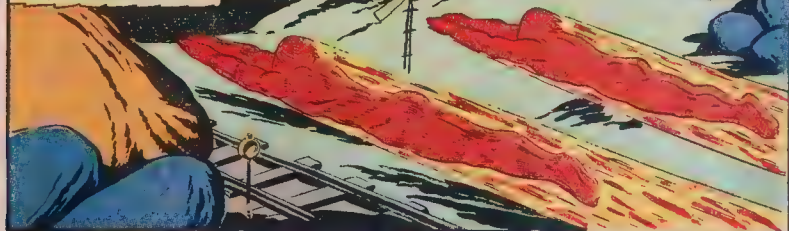


HE COMMITTED SUICIDE! IMAGINE WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO AMERICAN SOLDIERS WHO ATE THEM!



RIGHT WITH YA! GUESS THESE RATS WON'T GET VERY FAR!

WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED, THE SONS OF FIRE LEAVE THE FACTORY AND WHIZZ THROUGH THE SILENT NIGHT, IN A RACE AGAINST TIME.



JUST AS THE TRAIN NEARS THE SEAPORT...



THE ENGINEER SEES THE WARNING ...

IT'S THE HUMAN TORCH!

I WON'T LET ANYONE
BOARD THIS TRAIN 'TIL
I FIND OUT WHAT
THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

AT THE SEAPORT, TORCH CONTACTS THE F.B.I.,
WHO SUPERVISE THE REMOVAL OF THE
CONCENTRATES.

WE'LL GO AFTER THE NAZI SPY
ON THE CANADIAN END OF
THIS PLOT RIGHT AWAY,
TORCH.

EXCELLENT!

THERE WON'T BE
ANY MORE AMERICANS
KILLED THIS WAY!

GOOD!

A FEW HOURS LATER... IN THE LOCAL F.B.I.
CHEMICAL LABORATORY...

OUR MEN JUST ARRESTED
GRUPPER'S GANG, SIR:

NO QUESTION
ABOUT IT, SIR,
THIS IS...

FINE! NOW TO
GET THE REPORT
ON THOSE
PILLS!

CYANIDE—
ONE OF THE
MOST DEADLY
OF POISONS!

IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU,
TORCH AND TORO— THOUSANDS
OF AMERICAN DOUGHBOYS WOULD
HAVE BEEN KILLED, WITHOUT A
CHANCE TO FIGHT FOR THEIR
LIVES— AND FOR THE FREEDOM
OF ALL PEOPLES FROM
EVILS SUCH AS
THIS!

TORCH AND TORO
CONTINUE TO
LIGHT THE
FLAME FOR
FREEDOM
IN THE
NEXT ISSUE
OF
ALL WINNERS

CAPTAIN AMERICA

The RETURN OF DOCTOR CRIME!



POSSESSED WITH A FORMULA WHICH SHRINKS THE HUMAN BODY TO PYGMY SIZE, DOCTOR ELMGREN ADOPTS THE WEIRD ROLE OF **DR. CRIME**, LAUNCHING A SERIES OF CRIMINAL DOINGS, UNTIL CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY.... BUT, WAIT! READ ON AND LEARN FOR YOURSELF....

THE STORY OPENS IN STATE PRISON, THE NEW HOME OF **DR. CRIME**, WHERE HE HAS A VISITOR....

THE FORMULA IS IN A VIAL IN MY OFFICE! GET IT AND I'LL WORK FOR YOUR FEUHRER!

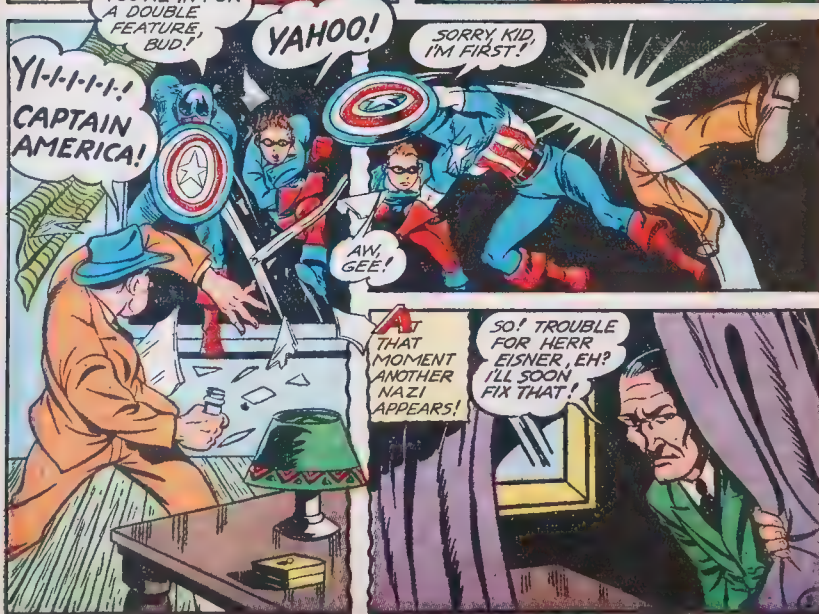
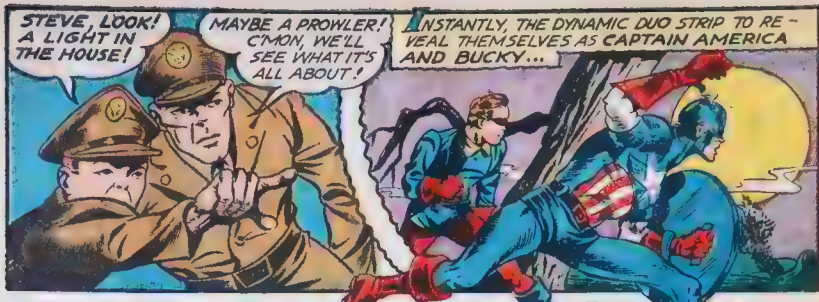
J.A. DR. ELMGREN! YOU BRING US GENERALS WHELAN AND WHITE AND WE PAY YOU ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS! I WILL GET YOUR VIAL TONIGHT!

LATER THAT NIGHT, AS STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY STROLL BACK TO CAMP...

LOOK, STEVE, THERE'S DR. CRIME'S HOUSE!

YEP, IT'S ELMGREN'S PLACE ALL RIGHT... AND IT'LL BE CLOSED FOR TWENTY YEARS -- THAT'S WHEN HE GETS OUT!





THE HENCHMAN HURLS A GAS BOMB, AND CAP AND BUCKY ARE TRAPPED IN THE FUMES. . .

NEVER MIND THEM! TO THE PRISON---WE MUST GET THE FORMULA TO DR. ELMGREN!

JAILUND SLEEP THIS OFF!

WHY YOU--
COUGH!
COUGH!

LATER, AT THE PEN, AFTER DR. ELMGREN GETS THE FORMULA--

YOU'RE GOING TO BE A WITNESS TO MY PRISON BREAK! WATCH!

HA! HA!
I THINK YOU'RE NUTS!

ELMGREN'S HAND CRUSHES THE VIAL---

FOOL!
LAUGH THIS OFF!

--AND AS THE LIQUID COMES IN CONTACT WITH HIS SKIN, ELMGREN BECOMES AS SMALL AS AN ELF---

JEEPEERS!

--AND ESCAPES THRU THE LEGS OF THE AMAZED GUARDS!

HEY! WHERE'D HE GO?

GOODBYE, STUPID FRIENDS!

LOOK FOR HIM, QUICK!

IN THE MEANTIME CAP AND BUCKY COME TO---

WHEW, WHAT A SLEEP! I WONDER HOW LONG WE'VE BEEN HERE!

EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT THE PRISON BREAK---

BOY! IF SARGE EVER FINDS OUT, WE'LL--CAP--LISTEN!!

DR. ELMGREN MAKES SENSATIONAL ESCAPE FROM PRISON EXTRA!

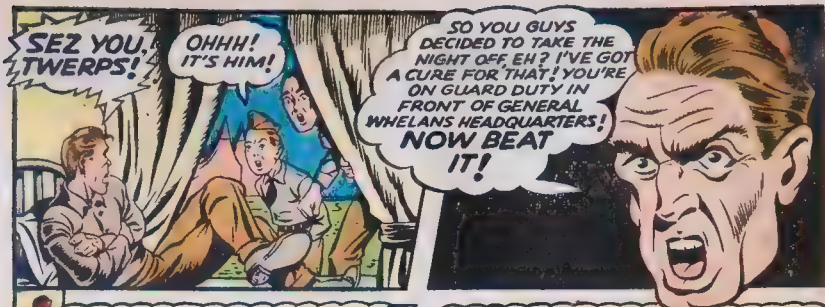
THOSE RATZIS GOT THE SHRINKING FORMULA TO HIM! THAT MEANS WE'VE GOT TO DEAL WITH THE FIEND--DR. CRIME!

RIGHT NOW WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO CAMP!

--AND SO STEVE AND BUCKY STEAL BACK TO CAMP LEHIGH!

SH-H-H! LET'S TIP TOE IN! MAYBE THE SARGE DOESN'T KNOW WE'VE BEEN OUT!

YEAH! WHAT A BREAK FOR US! NO SIGN OF HIM AROUND!



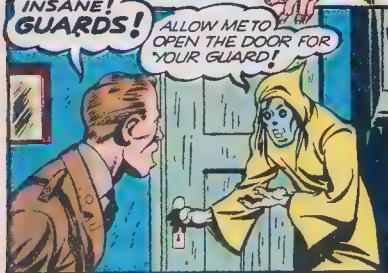
AT THAT MOMENT AT GEN. WHELAN'S QUARTERS AN OMINOUS FIGURE EYES THE PACING GUARD...

A DROP OF MY SWEET NECTAR WILL DISPOSE OF THAT SLIGHT OBSTACLE. HA! HA!



YOU'RE INSANE! GUARDS!

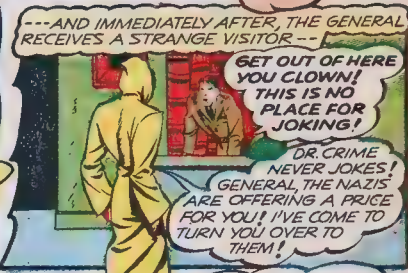
ALLOW ME TO OPEN THE DOOR FOR YOUR GUARD!



---AND IMMEDIATELY AFTER, THE GENERAL RECEIVES A STRANGE VISITOR---

GET OUT OF HERE YOU CLOWN! THIS IS NO PLACE FOR JOKING!

DR. CRIME NEVER JOKES! GENERAL, THE NAZIS ARE OFFERING A PRICE FOR YOU! I'VE COME TO TURN YOU OVER TO THEM!



GOOD LORD! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?

DR. CRIME'S SOLUTION HAS TAKEN EFFECT! THE GUARD IS A PYGMY!



AND NOW, GENERAL, THIS WILL SHRINK YOU---AND I TAKE YOU WITH ME!

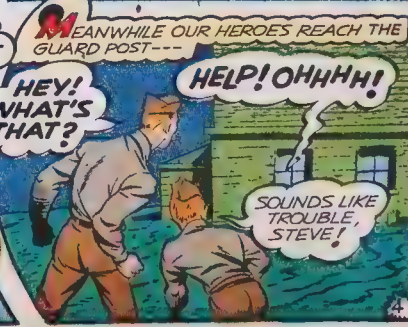


NO! NO!

HEY! WHAT'S THAT?

HELP! OH!!!

SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE, STEVE!



MEANWHILE OUR HEROES REACH THE GUARD POST---

**GREAT SCOTT! IT'S DR. CRIME,
AND HE'S GOT THE GENERAL!**

**IN A FEW SECONDS, TWO STAR-
SPANGLED FIGURES BURST INTO THE
ROOM TO CONFRONT DR. CRIME!**

**CAPTAIN
AMERICA
AND THE
BRAT!**

**IT'S TIME FOR
CAPTAIN AMERICA
AND BUCKY TO ENTER
THE PICTURE!**

**WE'VE MET
BEFORE, DR.
CRIME!**

**AND I'VE
STILL GOT
SOME POISON
DARTS FOR
YOU!**

**CAP! HE'S
GETTING
AWAY!**

**DR. CRIME HURRIES
AWAY IN HIS CAR, AS CAP
AND BUCKY LEAP DOWN ON IT--**

**NICE GOING, BUCKY!
WE'LL GO ON A
RIDE WITH
THE DOC!**

**SO! THEY WANT
A RIDE, EH!
STRAIGHT TO
THE ARMS
OF THE
NAZIS!**

**HOLD ON, BUCKY!
LOOKS LIKE HE'S
TRYING TO FLY!**

SWIFTLY THE CAR SPEEDS INTO AN OPEN DOOR OF A WINDMILL ...

HOLY CATS, CAP! WE'RE TRAPPED!

RIGHT INTO A RATZI NEST!

IT'S DR. CRIME! HE'S GOT CAPTAIN AMERICA WITH HIM!

WE OUTNUMBER THEM! CHARGE!

BUT WHEN THE NAZIS TRY TO ATTACK CAP AND BUCKY THEY FIND THEY'VE RUN INTO A CAGE OF WILD CATS!

NICE SETTING UP EXERCISE, EH, CAP?

THE CRAFTY VON EISNER PREPARES FOR A VICTORY....

FIRST I'LL GET THE LITTLE ONE!

HOLD THAT POSE!

BONG!

TRY THIS ON FOR SIZE, CHUM!

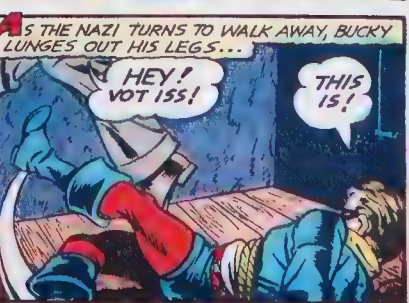
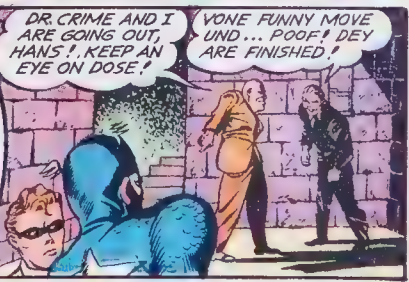
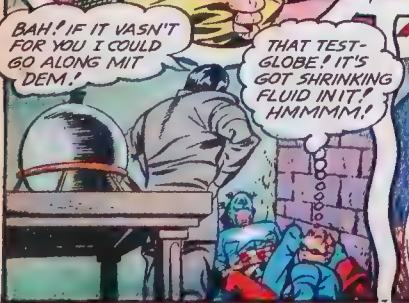
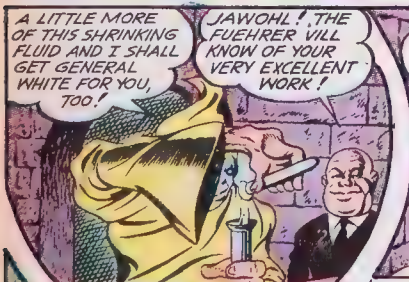
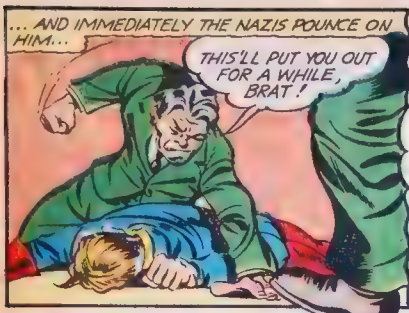
BUT DR. CRIME TAKES A HAND...

HA! YOU FORGOT ME!

YOU RAT! I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY!

DR. CRIME NIMBLY SIDESTEPS THE MAD-DENED RUSH OF THE ENRAGED BUCKY!...

...AND HE CRASHES TO THE FLOOR!



THE NAZI GUARD FALLS, KNOCKING OVER THE FLUID CONTAINER---

WILLINGLY, BUCKY SUBJECTS HIMSELF TO THE EFFECTS OF DR. CRIMES SHRINKING FLUID--

CLUMSY DUMB OX!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

I'LL KICK YOUR HEAD OFF!

HOPE THIS STUFF WORKS!

SUDDENLY, BUCKY TURNS THE SIZE OF AN ELF!

ACH!

YOT HAPPENS?

JUST ME TURNING INTO A SHRINKING VIOLET!

NICE GOING, BUCKY!

VERE HE GO?

I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A SECOND!

HERE I AM! DO ME SOMETHING!

BUT AS THE NAZI RUSHES TO GRAB BUCKY, HE GETS THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE--

WHERE D'YA THINK YOU'RE GOING?

CRACK!

IT'S IN THE LINE OF DUTY! I SUGGEST YOU SAY NOTHING OF THIS 'TILL WE GET DR. CRIME!

I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO THANK YOU ENOUGH! BOTH OF YOU!

WITH THE NAZI OUT OF THE WAY, CAP FINDS THE ANTIDOTE TO THE SHRINKING SERUM AND RESTORES GENERAL WHELAN TO HIS FULL SIZE!

HEY! HOW ABOUT ME?

YOU MIGHT COME IN HANDY THIS WAY! I'VE GOT THE FORMULA TO RESTORE YOU ANYTIME! COME! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

LATER
OUTSIDE
THE
HEAD-
QUARTERS
OF THE
SECOND
CORPS
AREA,
GEN.
WHITE
COMMANDANT

HERE HE COMES! I'LL MAKE
QUICK WORK OF HIM!

ANY FURTHER
ORDERS, GENERAL
WHITE?

I'LL SEND FOR
YOU WHEN I'M
READY!

AS THE GENERAL TURNS TOWARDS HIS QUARTERS--
--A PRESENT FOR YOU--
FROM DR. CRIME!

EH? WHAT'S
THIS?

BUT A
BRIGHTLY COLORED
SHIELD SHOTS INTO THE
PATH OF THE EVIL VIAL---

CAPTAIN
AMERICA!

YAHOO!

GET
HIM!

LET'S
START THE
MUSIC,
BOYS!

THIS SLING-
SHOT'LL TAKE
CARE OF OL'
DR. CRIME!

OUCH!

QUICKLY, CAP PLUNGES INTO BATTLE WITH DR. CRIME AND HIS COHORTS!!



DURING THE SCUFFLE, TWO SOLDIERS HAPPEN ALONG ---

HEY, LOOK! IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA!

WHEN CAP'S AROUND IT MEANS HE'S MOPPING UP SOME DIRTY WORK! LET'S HELP HIM CLEAN UP!

HELLO, CAP!

WELCOME, FELLAS!

BUT VON EISNER TRIES TO ESCAPE!

IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS, ONE MUST FORGET THE FEUHRER AND THINK OF HIMSELF---

GOING SOMEPLACE?

HUH?

IN A FEW SECONDS, VON EISNER IS PLACED IN A RATHER PECULIAR POSITION ---

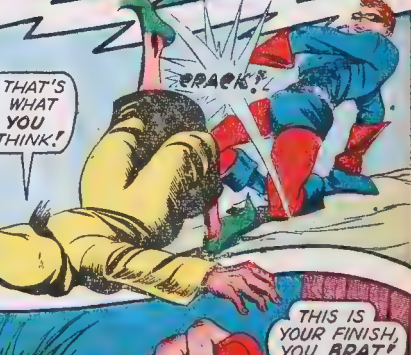
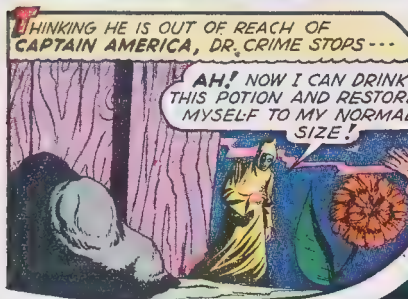
OKAY, UGLY PUSS! YOU'RE NEXT ON MY LIST!

NO! NO! NEVER!
AH! YES! THE SHRINKING FLUID!

I WOULDN'T BOAST ABOUT IT! --- NOW FOR DR. CRIME!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I'M A CITIZEN OF ANOTHER COUNTRY!

HE'LL NEVER GET ME NOW!



BUT BEFORE DR. CRIME CAN STRIKE, HE IS SWOOPED UP BY A HAWK AND BORN AWAY!

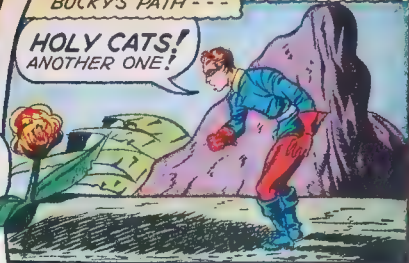


HELP!

WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE! NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE SAVED BY A HAWK!

SUDDENLY A SHADOW IS CAST ACROSS BUCKY'S PATH ---

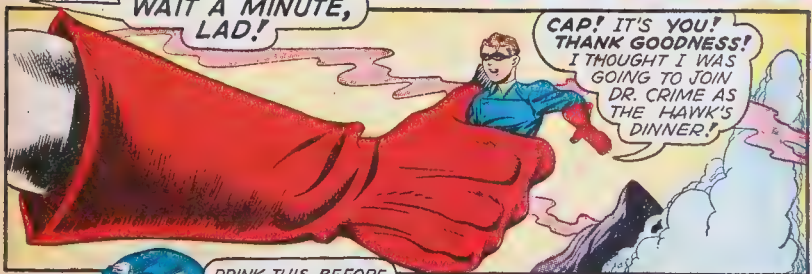
HOLY CATS! ANOTHER ONE!



I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I BECOME HAWK-FOOD, TOO!



WAIT A MINUTE, LAD!



CAP! IT'S YOU! THANK GOODNESS! I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO JOIN DR. CRIME AS THE HAWK'S DINNER!

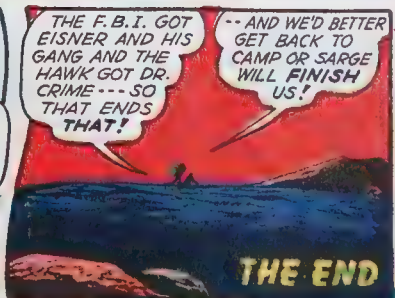
DRINK THIS BEFORE I HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLE WITH YOU!

YEAH! I'M GETTING KINDA TIRED OF BEING SO TINY!



THE F.B.I. GOT EISNER AND HIS GANG AND THE HAWK GOT DR. CRIME --- SO THAT ENDS THAT!

-- AND WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO CAMP OR SARGE WILL FINISH US!



THE END

The BIG 3



TERRY-TOONS COMICS

NEW EVERY MONTH
PUZZLES
GAMES
SURPRIZES!


KRAZY KOMICS

NEW EVERY MONTH
PUZZLES
GAMES
SURPRIZES!

COMEDY COMICS

NEW
EVERY MONTH
PUZZLES
GAMES
SURPRIZES!

SUB-MARINER



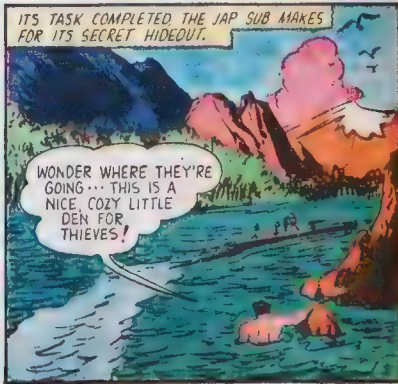
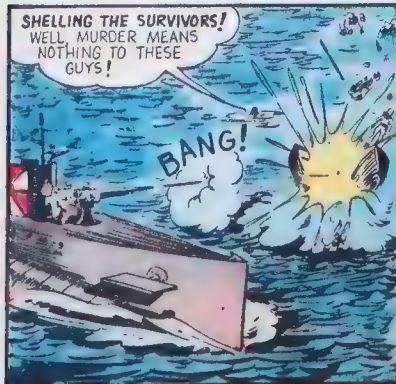
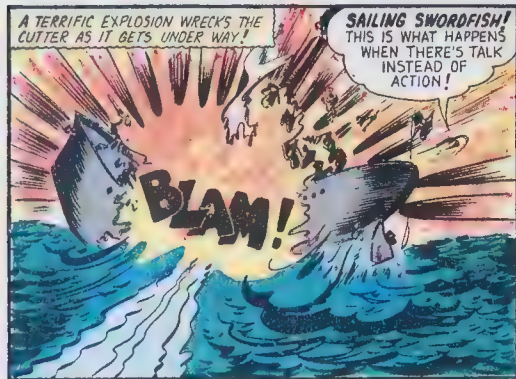
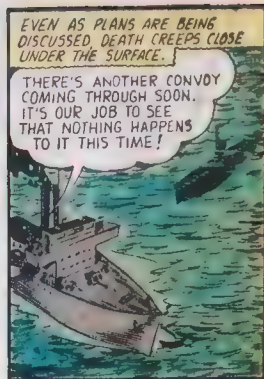
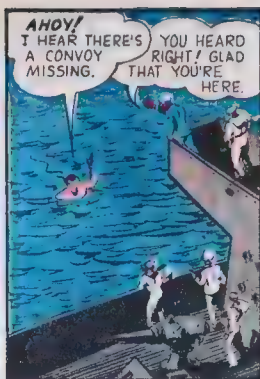
JAP SNIPERS...
HIDDEN U BOATS...
FLYING SHRAPNEL...

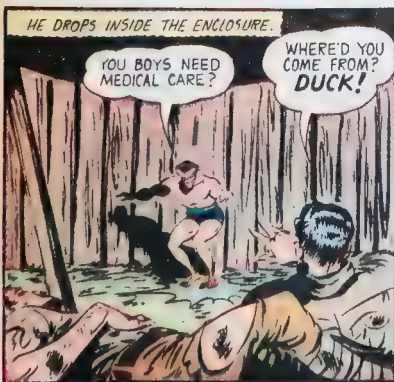
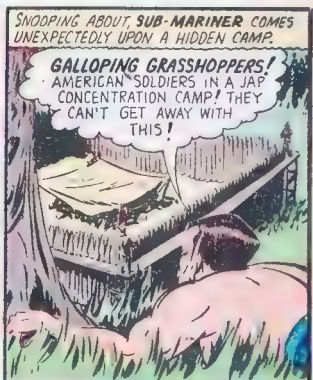
ALL THESE COULDN'T STOP

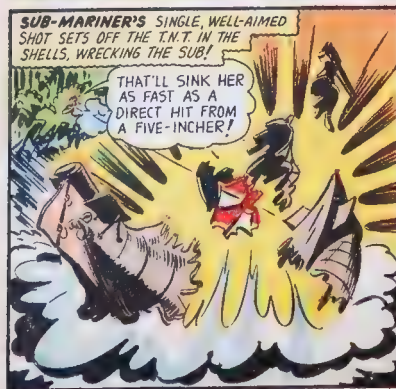
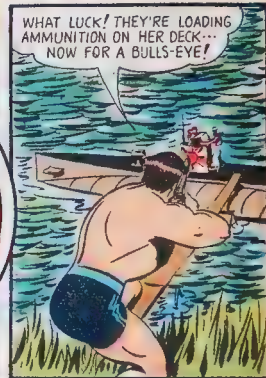
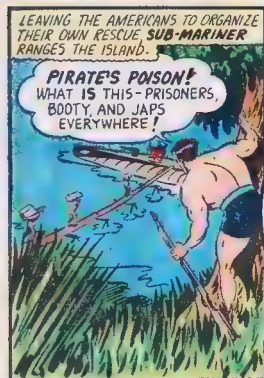
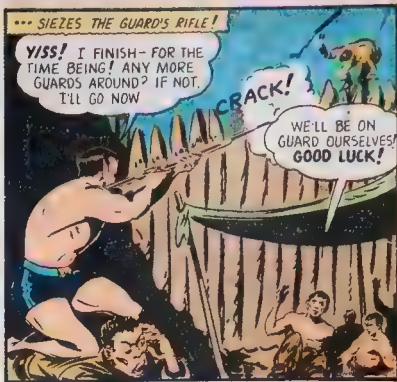
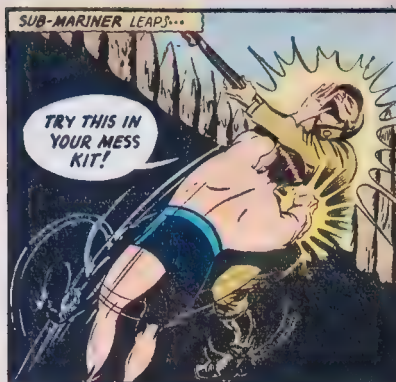
Sub-Mariner's

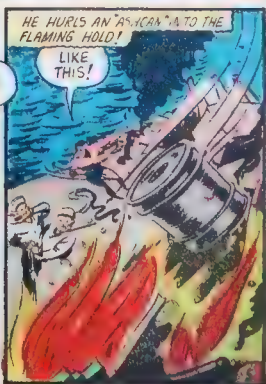
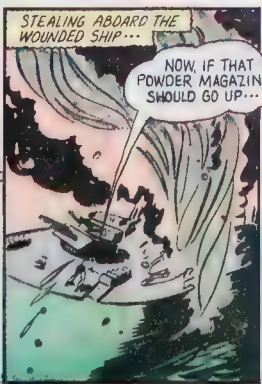
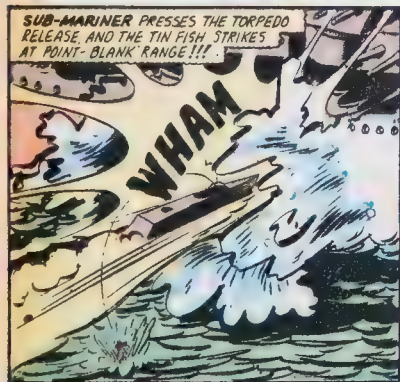
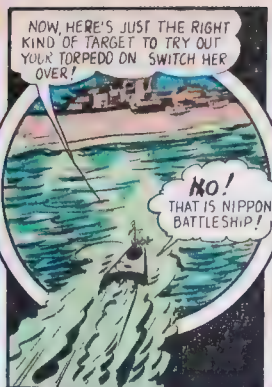
BATTLE AGAINST TREACHEROUS
NIPPONESE CONVOY
BAITING IN

SMASHING
THE **JAP TRAP!**

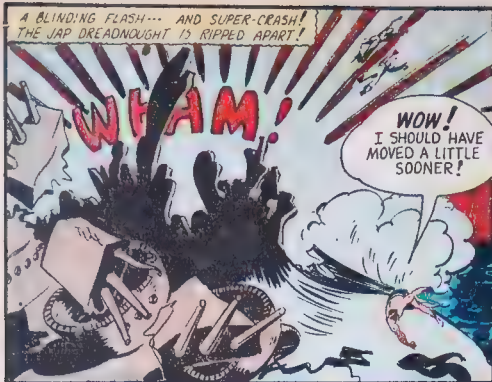








A BLINDING FLASH... AND SUPER-CRASH!
THE JAP DREADNOUGHT IS RIPPED APART!



FROM THE HEAVILY-LISTING DECK,
SUB-MARINER SPOTS A JAP OFFICER
GETTING AWAY



AND THAT EVENS THE SCORE
ON THE CUTTER!



SPEEDING BACK TO SHORE...
WITH ALL THESE HINDERANCES
OUT OF MY WAY, I CAN GO BACK
ASHORE AND DO MY WORK
QUIETLY.



IN THE COVE, **SUB-MARINER**
SEES THE JAP U-BOATS PREPARING
FOR A QUICK GET-A-WAY.



QUIETLY, HE CIRCLES THE CAMP AND COMES
UPON STORES.

FIRST DYNAMITE BOMB
I EVER MADE... PRETTY,
TOO! HATE TO HIDE
IT IN THE NEXT
U-BOAT LOAD



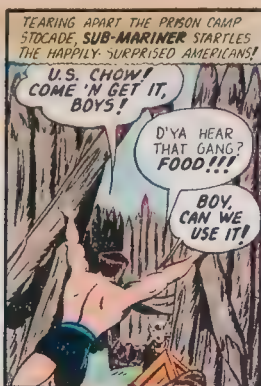
ABSORBED IN WATCHING HIS COMRADES
AT WORK, A JAP SENTRY NEITHER HEARS
SUB-MARINER, NOR SEES HIS
CAT-LIKE ACTIONS.

THIS PACKAGE IS FOR
YOU, AND YOUR U-BOAT.
THE OTHER ONE
-IF YOU ONLY
KNEW!





LOADED DOWN WITH SUPPLIES, HE SNEAKS OUT OF THE JAP TENTS AND MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE JUNGLE. AMERICAN GOODS, AND LABELS TOO! WHERE DID THE JAPS GET THIS FOOD?... AND OUR BOYS STARVING IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP!



TEARING APART THE PRISON CAMP STOCKADE, SUB-MARINER STARTLES THE HAPPILY-SURPRISED AMERICANS!

U.S. CHOW! COME 'N GET IT, BOYS!

D'YA HEAR THAT GANG? FOOD!!!

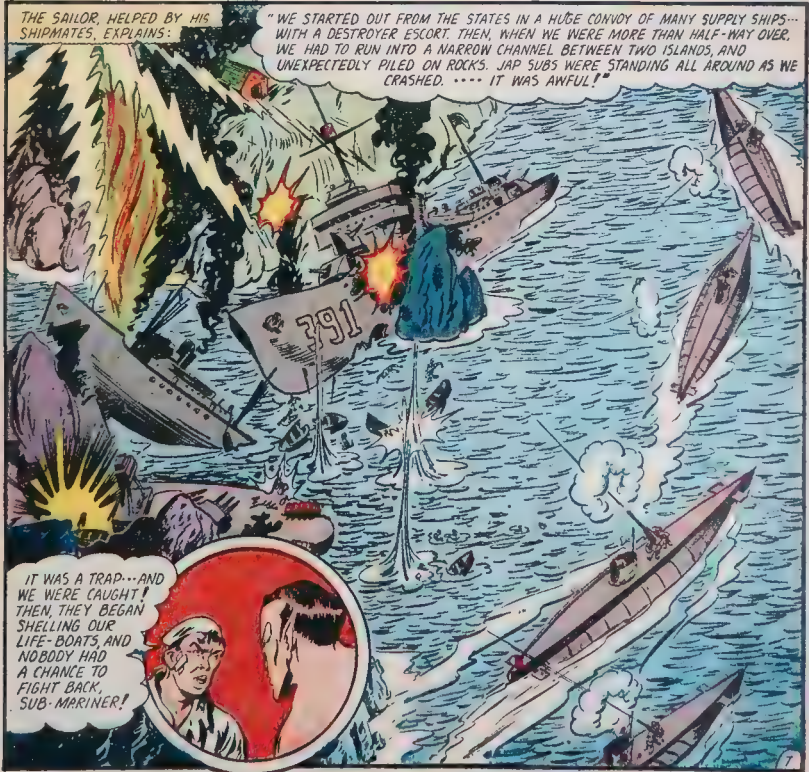
BOY, CAN WE USE IT!



A REGULAR FEAST IS ON! WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID ABOUT THIS FOOD? IT BELONGS TO US? THAT'S A HOT ONE!

HOW'S THAT?

YES THIS STUFF CAME FROM OUR CONVOY SHIPS, SUB-MARINER



THE SAILOR, HELPED BY HIS SHIPMATES, EXPLAINS:

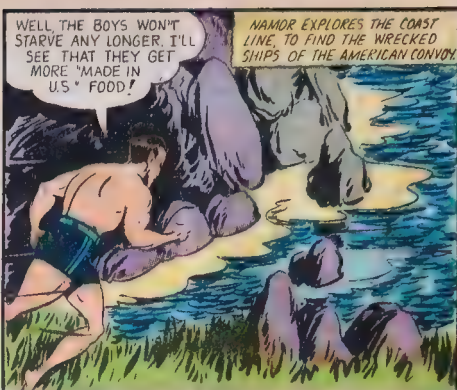
"WE STARTED OUT FROM THE STATES IN A HUGE CONVOY OF MANY SUPPLY SHIPS... WITH A DESTROYER ESCORT. THEN, WHEN WE WERE MORE THAN HALF-WAY OVER, WE HAD TO RUN INTO A NARROW CHANNEL BETWEEN TWO ISLANDS, AND UNEXPECTEDLY PILED ON ROCKS. JAP SUBS WERE STANDING ALL AROUND AS WE CRASHED. IT WAS AWFUL!"

IT WAS A TRAP...AND WE WERE CAUGHT! THEN, THEY BEGAN SHELLING OUR LIFE-BOATS, AND NOBODY HAD A CHANCE TO FIGHT BACK, SUB-MARINER!



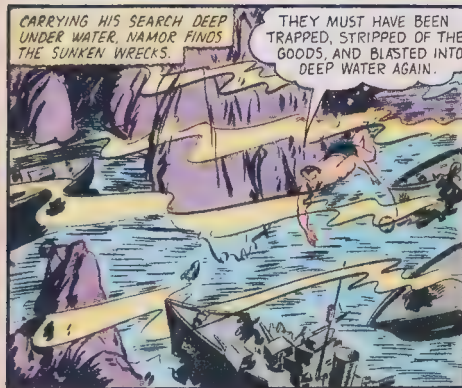
SO THE JAPS CAPTURED ALL OF YOU WHO SURVIVED... BUT THEY WERE AFTER SOMETHING ELSE! I WONDER WHAT?

THEY ROUNDED UP ALL OF US WHO GOT ASHORE, AND MADE US BUILD OUR OWN PRISON CAMP... WHERE THEY LEFT US STARVING!



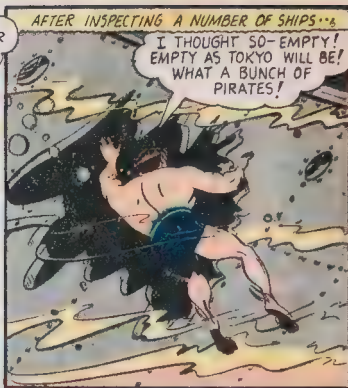
WELL, THE BOYS WON'T STARVE ANY LONGER. I'LL SEE THAT THEY GET MORE 'MADE IN U.S.' FOOD!

NAMOR EXPLORES THE COAST LINE, TO FIND THE WRECKED SHIPS OF THE AMERICAN CONVOY



CARRYING HIS SEARCH DEEP UNDER WATER, NAMOR FINDS THE SUNKEN WRECKS.

THEY MUST HAVE BEEN TRAPPED, STRIPPED OF THEIR GOODS, AND BLASTED INTO DEEP WATER AGAIN.



AFTER INSPECTING A NUMBER OF SHIPS...

I THOUGHT SO-EMPTY! EMPTY AS TOKYO WILL BE! WHAT A BUNCH OF PIRATES!

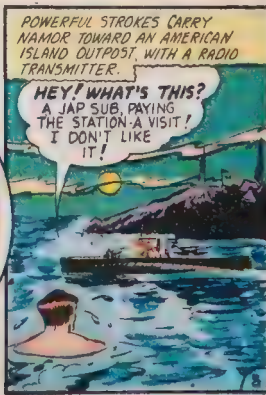


AS SUB-MARINER OPENS A LAST BULKHEAD...

NO! NOT JUST PIRATES, BUT DIRTY, SNEAKY MURDERERS! I'VE SEEN ENOUGH!

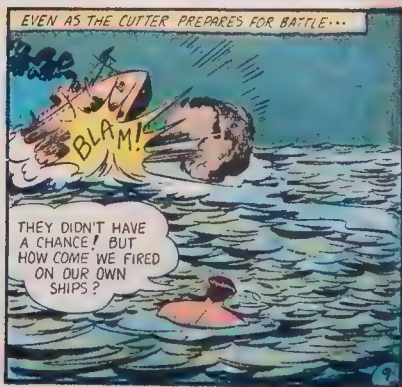
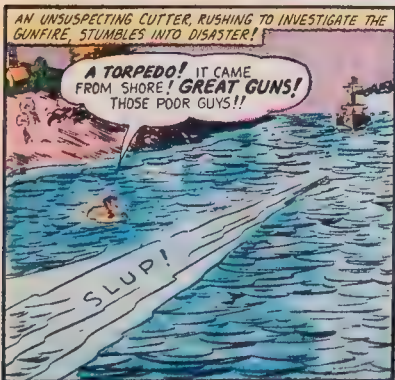
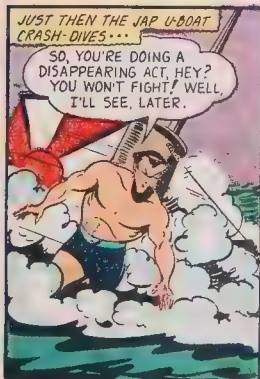
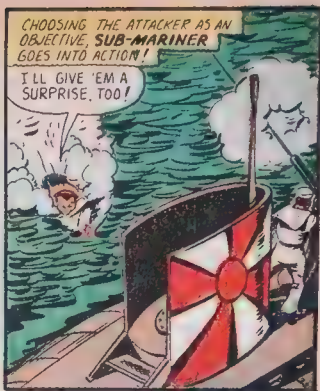
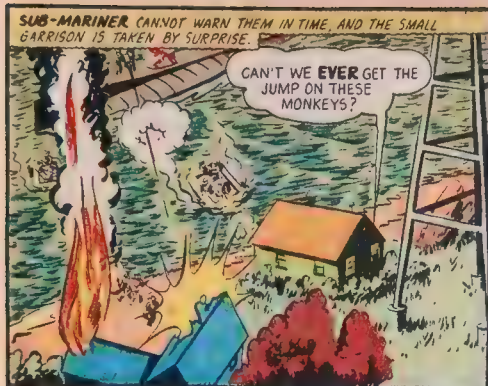


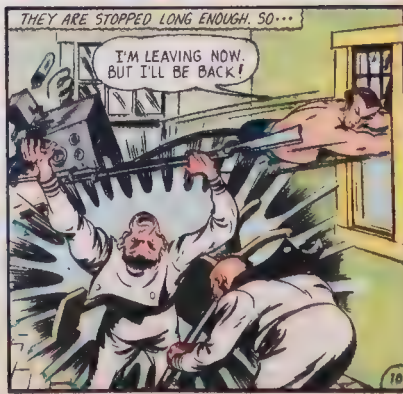
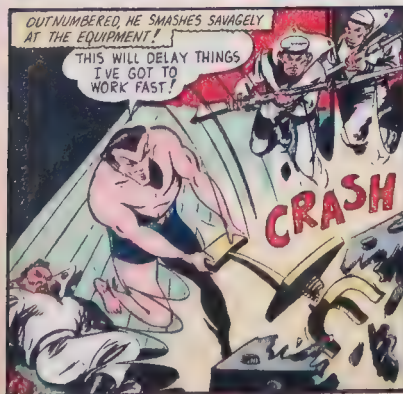
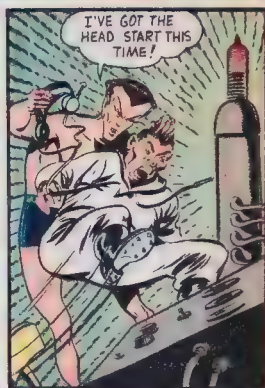
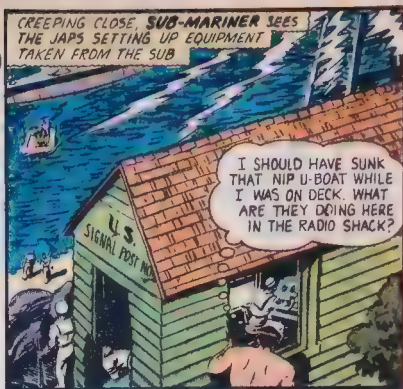
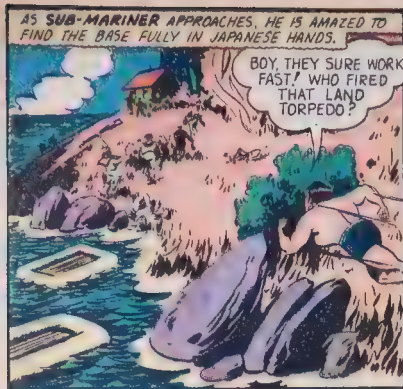
THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE... I'VE GOT TO CONTACT ALL SHIPPING IN THESE WATERS. THIS TRAGEDY MUST NOT BE REPEATED!

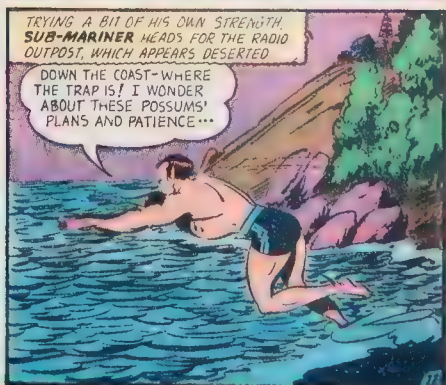
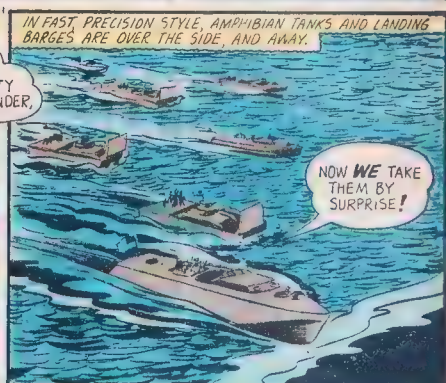
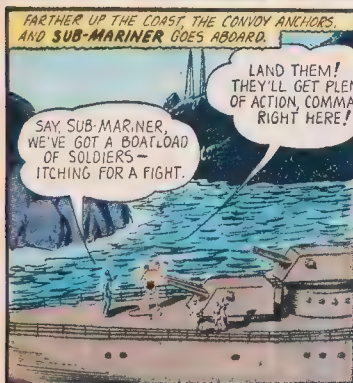


POWERFUL STROKES CARRY NAMOR TOWARD AN AMERICAN ISLAND OUTPOST, WITH A RADIO TRANSMITTER.

HEY! WHAT'S THIS? A JAP SUB, PAYING THE STATION A VISIT! I DON'T LIKE IT!







CAUTIOUSLY, NAMOR CREEPS UP TO THE WIRELESS SHACK.

OH-OH! I GET IT! THEY TAMPER WITH THE RADIO BEAM; SO AS TO THROW THE COMPASS OFF, AND PILE THE SHIPS UP ON THE ROCKS CLEVER, THESE NIPPPOS!

JUST THEN, AS THE JAP OPERATOR MOVES TO TURN OFF THE SET...

HOLD ON!
DON'T BE SO HASTY!

MUSTN'T TOUCH THESE TRICKY AMERICAN RADIO BEAM SENDERS, "TOKKY"—YOU MIGHT ELECTROCUTE YOURSELF!... SO SORRY!

SUB-MARINER GRABS FOR AN AMERICAN MACHINE GUN.

MAY I GIVE YOU A GUN DEMONSTRATION, GENTLEMEN?

WITH A SINGLE BURST, HE CLEANS OUT THE SHACK!

NOT INTERESTED IN THE LATEST AMERICAN PERSUADER?
SO SORRY!

A WELCOME SIGHT ON THE HORIZON!

AND I THOUGHT YOU NIPPPOS DID LIKE THINGS "MADE IN U.S."—LIKE FOOD... REMEMBER? HERE'S ANOTHER U.S. PRODUCT. HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS?

THE FLEEING JAPS ARE TRAPPED AND ANNIHILATED ON THE SHORE AS THE AMERICAN TASK FORCE SWEEPS DOWN FROM THE HILLS.

I WONDER HOW THE NIPS LIKE OUR AMERICAN BRAND OF FIGHTING!

HOIST THE NAVY BATTLE FLAG!

Chalk up
Another Victory

FOR

Sub-Mariner!

THE ONE
AND ONLY **E**
(MEANING "EXCELLENT")
IN THE COMIC LINE-UP.
EVERY ISSUE OF

MARVEL COMICS

THE SUCKER

By CIFO UTHBERT

"YIP-EEEEEE!" the young cowboy shouted as he entered the large lobby of Mid-City Hotel. He waved his suitcase in the air, then tap danced, in high-heeled boots, on the heavy carpet flooring as he whistled the first two lines of, "Sweet Rosie O'Grady."

The clerk behind the desk was startled. The hotel manager looked on with indignation, and the bell boy was amused.

But all three smiled pleasantly when the cowboy, who looked to be hardly more than a boy, took a fat roll of money from his pocket, and said, "I want a room, one that's got a bath tub in it with runnin' hot water."

"Yes, sir," the clerk said, turning the register book and holding forth a pen, "sign here, please."

"Luke Yocum, Shotgun, Wyoming!" the cowboy said as he scribbled across the page.

The bell boy eagerly picked up the suitcase that Luke had flopped on the floor. He took the key from the clerk and said, "This way, please."

"Four," the bell boy told the elevator operator.

Luke smiled at the bell boy, "What can a feller do for excitement in a big city?" he asked.

The boy's eyes sparkled, "There's lots of ways to enjoy yourself," he said.

They got off the elevator at the fourth floor and the bell boy led Luke to his room.

"You wouldn't like to fry your hand at a game, would you, Mister," the boy asked, "—for big stakes?"

"Lead me to it!" Luke cried, "I'm the rootin' tootin'est poker

player in all Wyoming!"

"I'll let you know later if there is going to be a game upstairs this afternoon."

Luke peeled a five dollar bill off his roll, crumbled it in his hand and shot it like a spit ball to the bell boy.

The boy grabbed it out of the air, saluted Luke, then hastened from the room. He rushed to the stairway and ran up the steps to the fifth floor. He was gasping for breath as he gave the door of room 511 three sharp raps.

Mike Brady opened the door. Brady was tall, and his well tailored clothing would have given him the appearance of a gentleman, if it weren't for the knife scar across his left cheek, and the hard, cruel lines about his mouth.

"I've got a sucker for you," the bell boy said excitedly, "he's got a bankroll that will make your eyes pop out, and he's itching to get rid of some of it."

"What's he look like?"

"Just a cowboy from Wyoming, name's Luke Yocum."

Brady rubbed his hands together greedily, "Bring him up at about three o'clock," he said, "I'll have a couple of the boys here with me then."

It was a few minutes after three, when the bell boy ushered Luke into the presence of Mike Brady and his two friends, then left.

Brady was pleased at the sight of Luke. He introduced the other two men as Joe and Alex, then said, "I'll take your hat."

"No thanks," Luke told him, "I always wear it when I play poker—it brings me luck."

Luke appeared eager to get the game started. But he didn't fail to notice the bulges about the left shoulders of the three men.

Luke placed his wad of money on the table as the men chose their seats. The men exchanged lustful glances.

"We play with chips," Brady told him, "you pay off—er—I mean the losers pay off after the

game is finished."

Alex dealt the cards first. Luke watched his deft fingers shuffle the cards and then flip them around the table.

Luke won the first and the third hands.

"You're a pretty lucky guy," Joe said.

Luke only smiled as he picked up the first card that Brady tossed to him. Crooked card sharks were like that. They'd let you win a few hands to give you confidence, and to make you think that the game was being played fair... he saw Brady deal himself an ace from the bottom of the deck... he looked at the handle of Brady's gun sticking out from behind the lapel of his coat. He clamped his lips shut.

Luke became a consistent loser. Brady usually won with aces, Joe with Kings, and Alex with Queens. All three were experts in handling the marked deck of cards—and in extracting and replacing cards from and to their coat sleeves.

Stack after stack of chips vanished from in front of Luke. "Five hundred dollars gone already," he told himself.

"You're losin' your luck, feller," Joe smiled.

Luck! Luke winced at the word.

This was plain robbery!

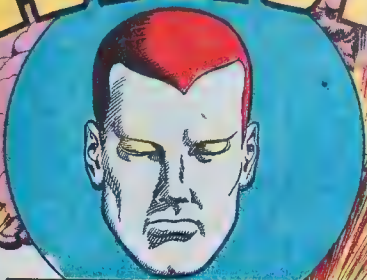
Luke pushed back his chair and stood up. "Count me out for a hand or two," he said, "maybe I'll get lucky when I start again." He walked to the window, and fanned himself with his big Stetson hat.

"This guy is easy pickin's," They smiled and pretended to be interested in the game while they waited for Luke to return.

When Luke sat down at the table again, he picked up the cards and said, "Let me deal them—for luck. We'll make this hand a big one."

He shuffled the cards clumsily and dealt them. The men began to raise each other. The center,

The DESTROYER



BEWARE, MIGHTY DESTROYER!
THE DREAD GESTAPO DRAGNET
IS OUT FOR YOU AND THE NAZIS
THIRST FOR YOUR BLOOD!
IT IS YOUR LIFE OR THEIRS..
..SO, IF YOU STRIKE,
STRIKE HARD!



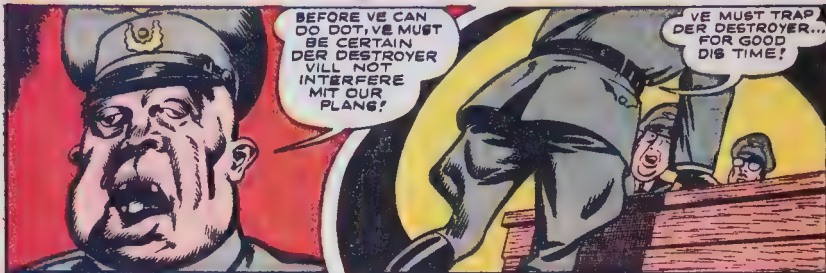
THE OFFICE OF THE HIGH COMMAND IN BERLIN..



SWITZERLAND
MUST BECOME
PART OF OUR
NEW ORDER!
VE ATTACK
AT VUNCE!

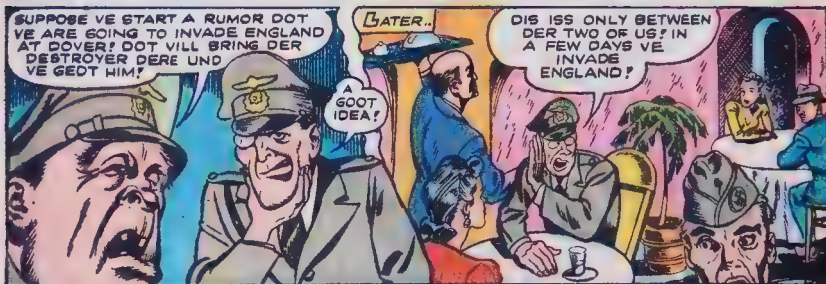
VUN MOMENT, HERR
GENERAL?

JA, COLONEL
SCHUTTER!



BEFORE VE CAN
DO DOT, VE MUST
BE CERTAIN
DER DESTROYER
VILL NOT
INTERFERE
MIT OUR
PLANS!

VE MUST TRAP
DER DESTROYER...
FOR GOOD
DIS TIME!



SUPPOSE VE START A RUMOR DOT
VE ARE GOING TO INVAD E ENGLAND
AT COVER! DOT VILL BRING DER
DESTROYER DERE UND
VE GEOT HIM!

LATER..

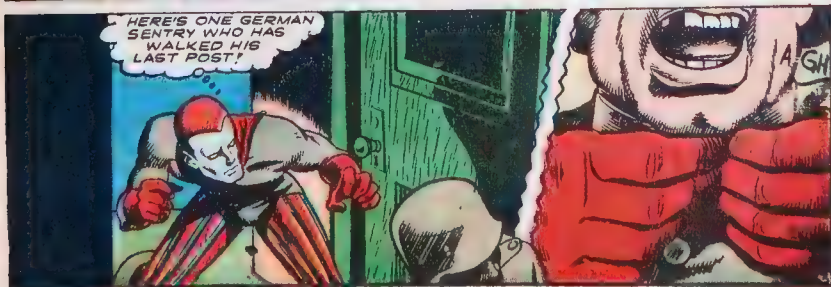
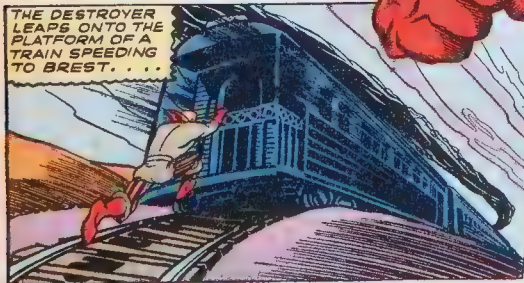
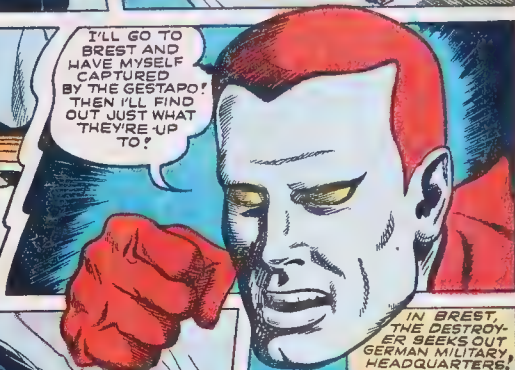
DIS ISS ONLY BETWEEN
DER TWO OF US! IN
A FEW DAYS VE
INVAD E ENGLAND!

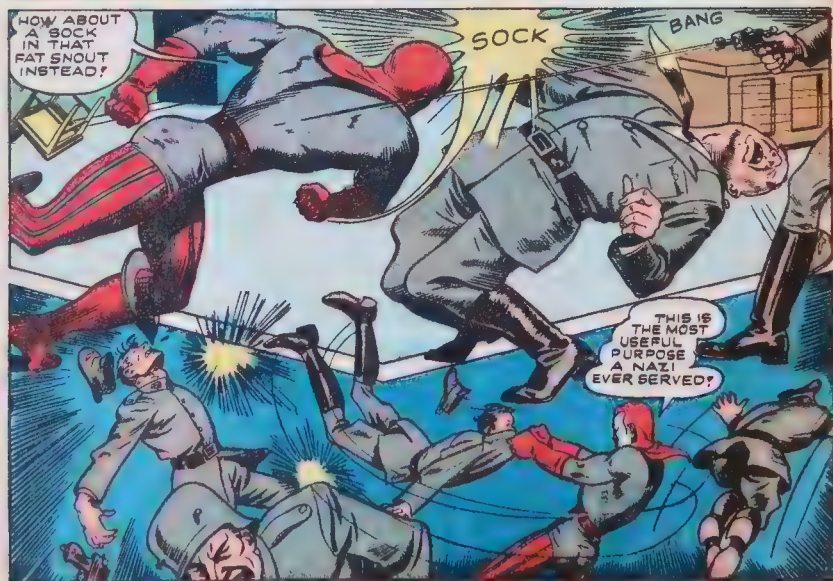
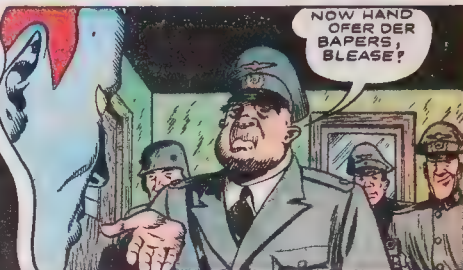
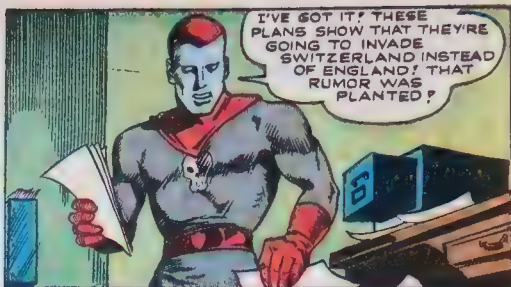
A
GOOT
IDEA!

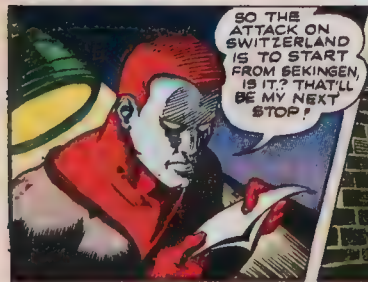
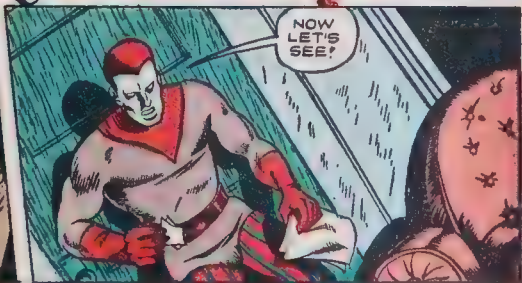
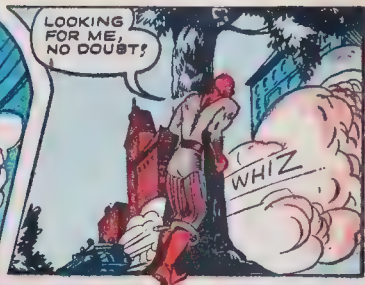
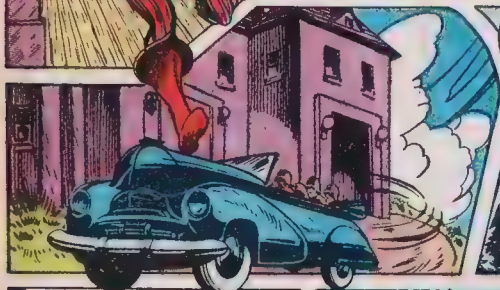
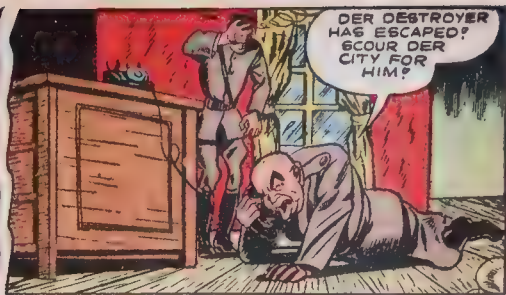


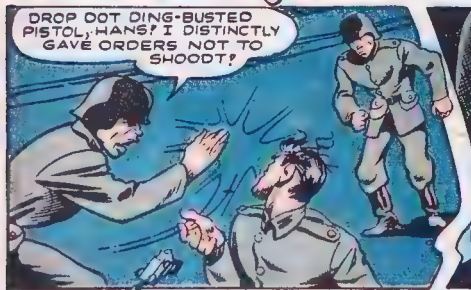
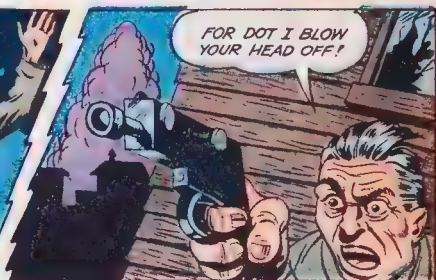
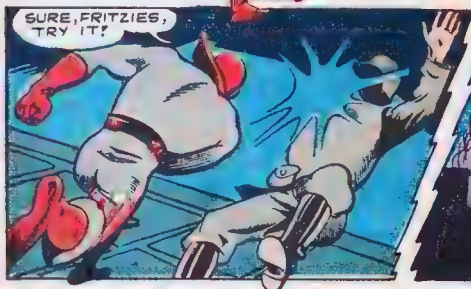
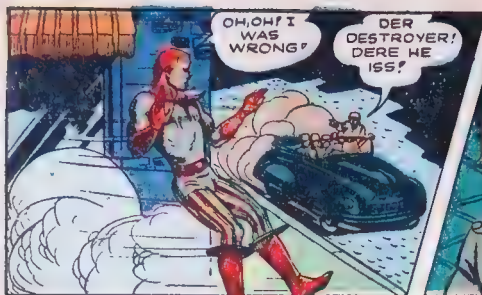
NOBODY KNOWS ABOUT
IT YET..BUT VE
ATTACK DOVER
NEXT!

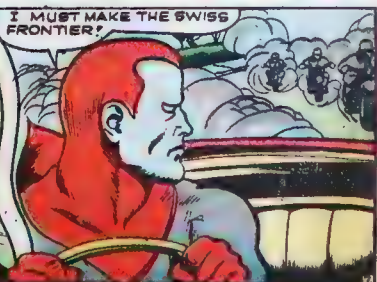
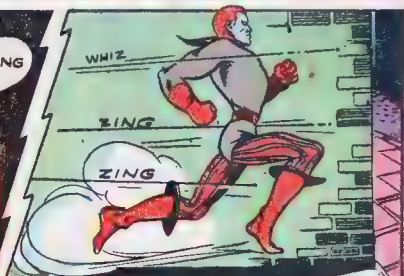
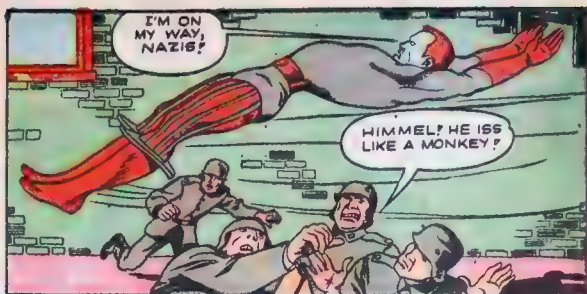
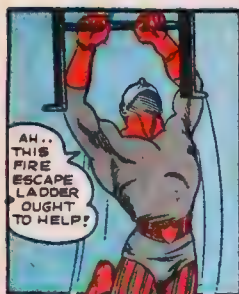
HAFF YOU
HEARD, DER
INVASION OF
ENGLAND
'66 ABOUT
TO BEGIN!

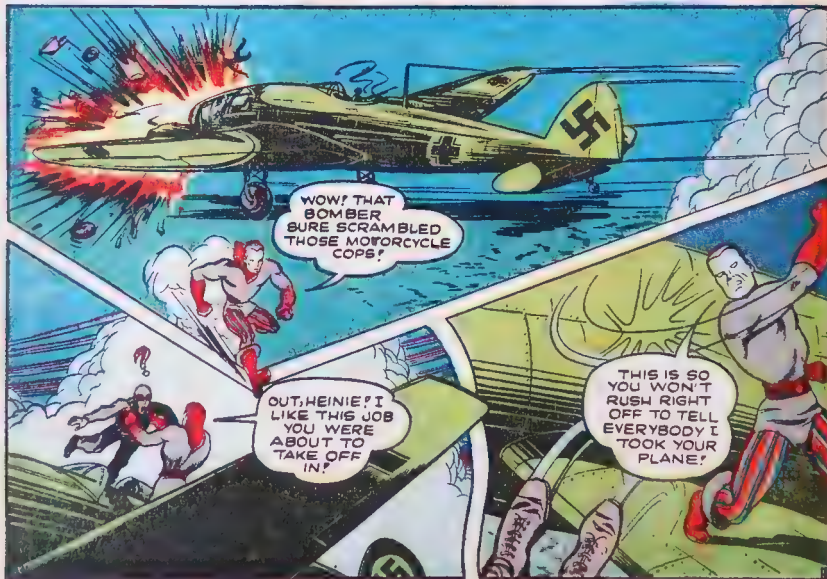
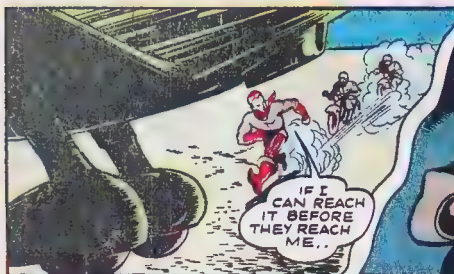
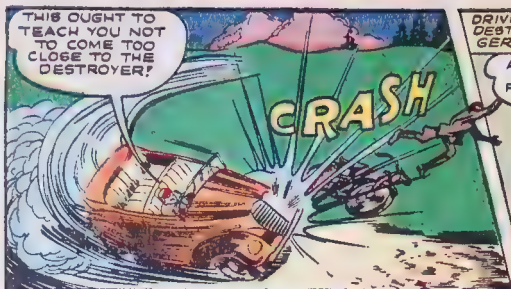








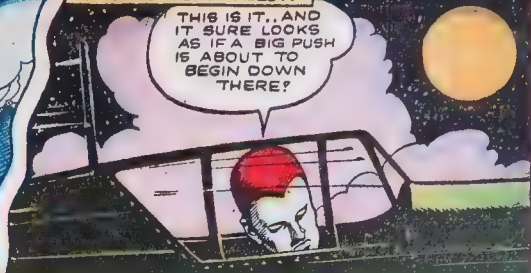




THE DESTROYER WINGS HIS WAY
TOWARD THE SWISS BORDER!



AND AS NIGHT FALLS..



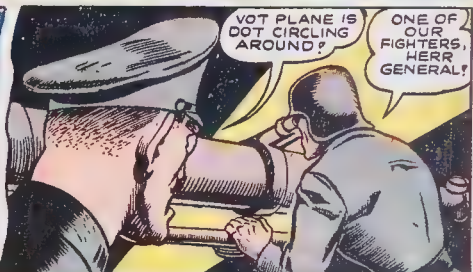
THIS IS IT.. AND
IT SURE LOOKS
AS IF A BIG PUSH
IS ABOUT TO
BEGIN DOWN
THERE?

ON THE
GROUND
BELOW..

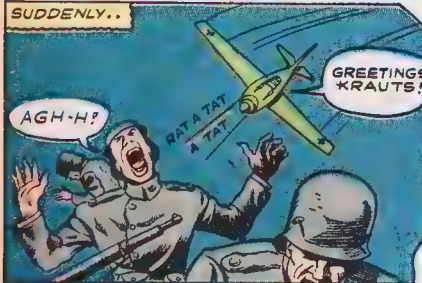


VOT PLANE IS
DOT CIRCLING
AROUND?

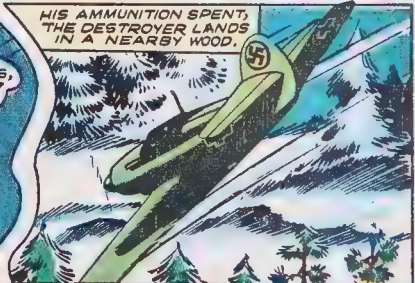
ONE OF
OUR
FIGHTERS,
HEER
GENERAL!



SUDDENLY..



HIS AMMUNITION SPENT,
THE DESTROYER LANDS
IN A NEARBY WOOD.



HOLY
HANNAH?
TANKS
ON SKIS?

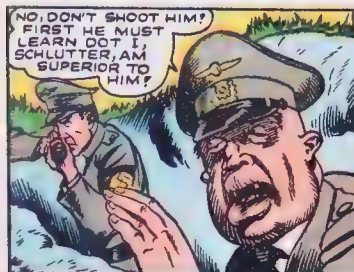




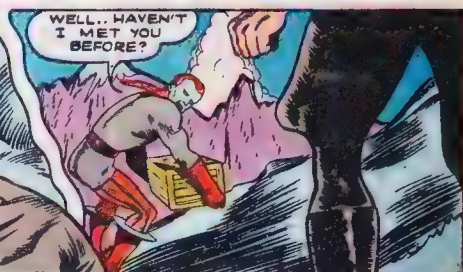
I HAD AN IDEA
THEY'D KEEP THEIR
EXPLOSIVES
SOMEWHERE
IN THE
FOREST?



LOOK! THE
DESTROYER!
HE GOT AT OUR
EXPLOSIVES.
AND HE SEEMS
TO BE HEADED
FOR OUR
TANKS!



NO, DON'T SHOOT HIM!
FIRST HE MUST
LEARN DOT I,
SCHLUTTER, AM
SUPERIOR TO
HIM!

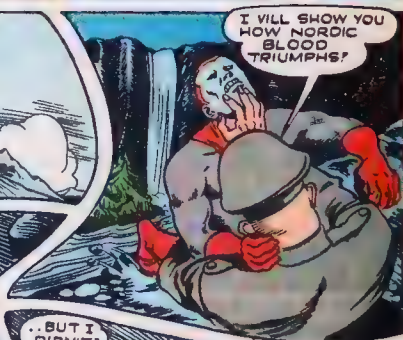


WELL... HAVEN'T
I MET YOU
BEFORE?



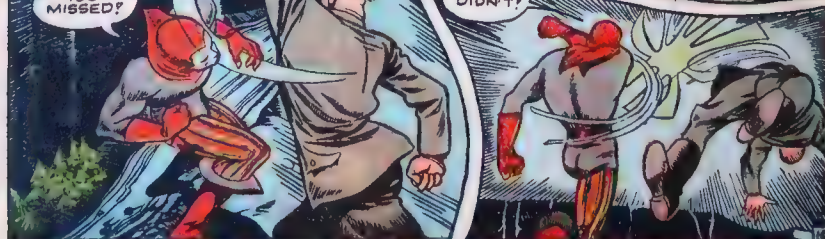
WANT TO DO
A LITTLE
IN-FIGHTING,
EH? NOTHING
SUITS ME
BETTER!

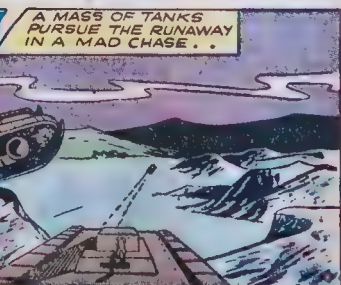
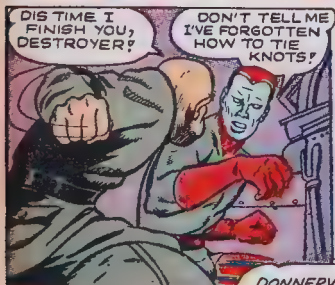
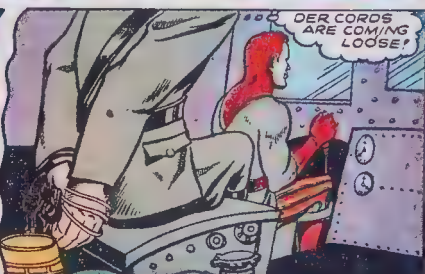
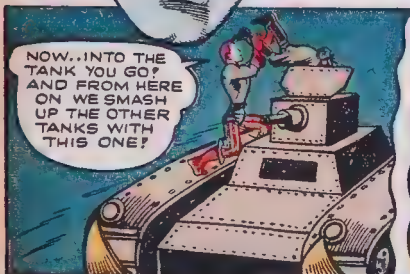
TUT, TUT!
YOU
MISSED!



I WILL SHOW YOU
HOW NORDIC
BLOOD
TRIUMPHS?

..BUT I
DIDN'T!



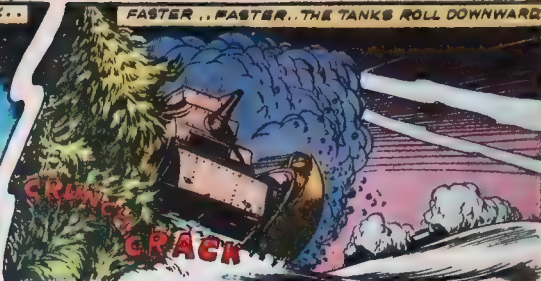


INSIDE THE DESTROYER'S TANK...

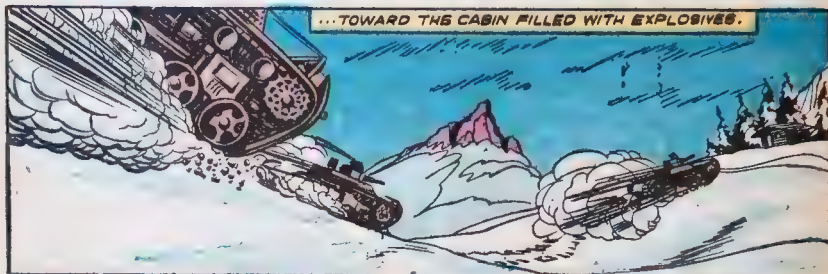
THIS TIME I THINK
YOU'LL STAY PUT!



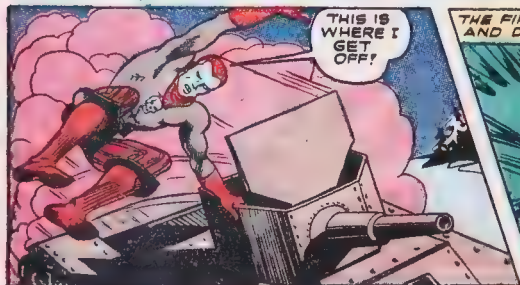
FASTER...FASTER...THE TANKS ROLL DOWNWARD



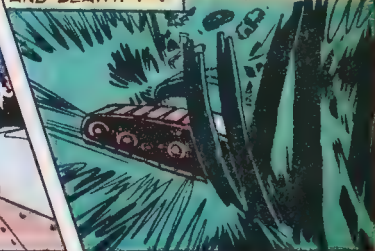
...TOWARD THE CABIN FILLED WITH EXPLOSIVES.



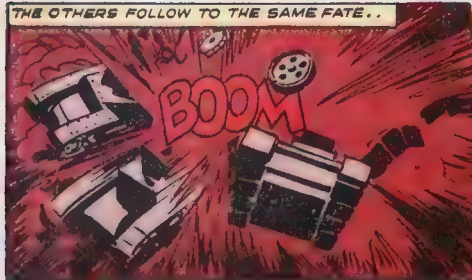
THIS IS
WHERE I
GET
OFF!



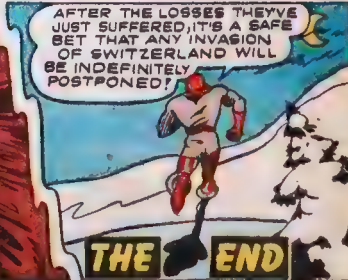
THE FIRST TANK CRASHES INTO THE CABIN...
AND DEATH...



THE OTHERS FOLLOW TO THE SAME FATE...

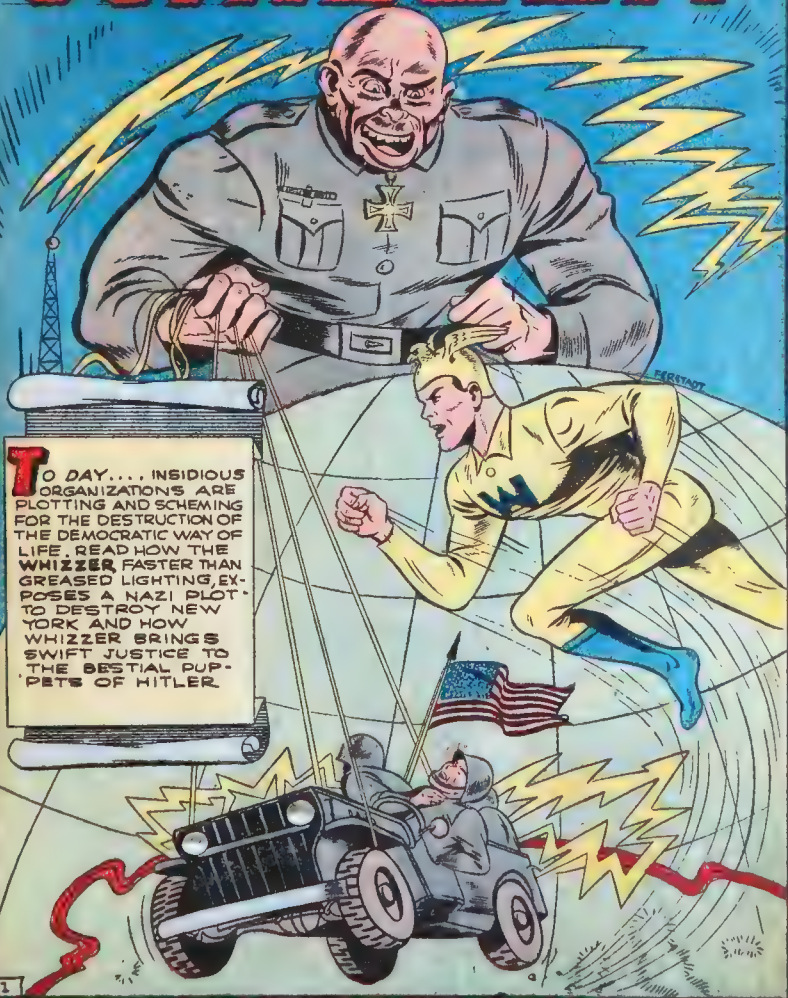


AFTER THE LOSSES THEY'VE
JUST SUFFERED, IT'S A SAFE
BET THAT ANY INVASION
OF SWITZERLAND WILL
BE INDEFINITELY
POSTPONED!



THE END

THE WHIZZER



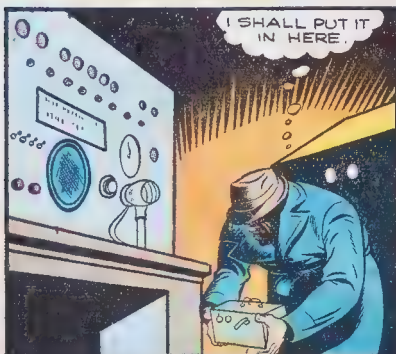
TO DAY.... INSIDIOUS ORGANIZATIONS ARE PLOTTING AND SCHEMING FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE DEMOCRATIC WAY OF LIFE. READ HOW THE WHIZZER, FASTER THAN GREASED LIGHTNING, EXPOSES A NAZI PLOT TO DESTROY NEW YORK AND HOW WHIZZER BRINGS SWIFT JUSTICE TO THE BESTIAL PUPPETS OF HITLER.



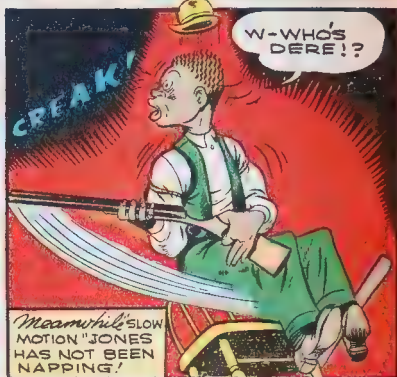
OUR STORY OPENS AT THE THOS RADIO RELAY STATION. THE TIME IS LATE AT NIGHT AND THE ONLY SOUL PRESENT IS THE NIGHT WATCHMAN, "SLOW MOTION" JONES, FEARLESS RIGHT-HAND MAN OF THE WHIZZER!



THE FATHERLAND WILL BE VERY PLEASED WITH TO-NIGHT'S WORK! NOW TO SET THIS BOMB FOR THREE MINUTES



I SHALL PUT IT IN HERE.



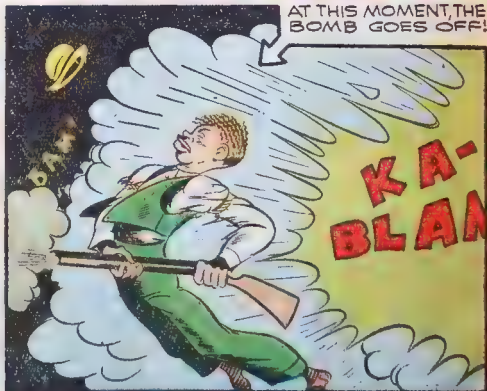
W-WHO'S DERE!?

Meanwhile, SLOW MOTION "JONES" HAS NOT BEEN NAPPING!

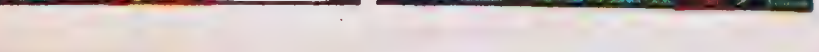
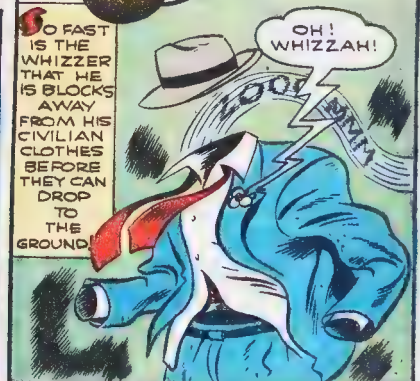
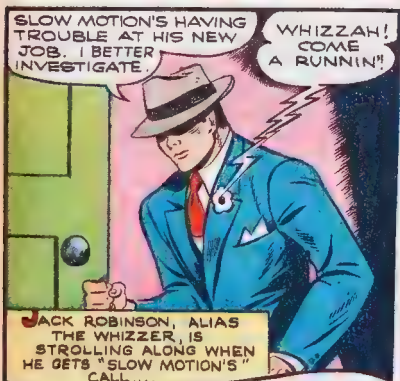
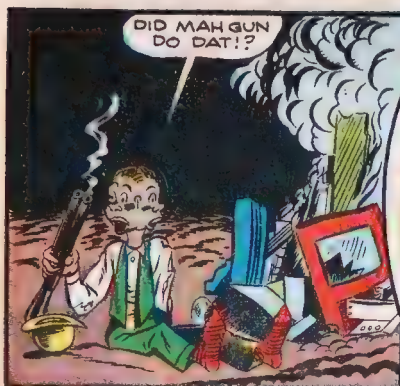


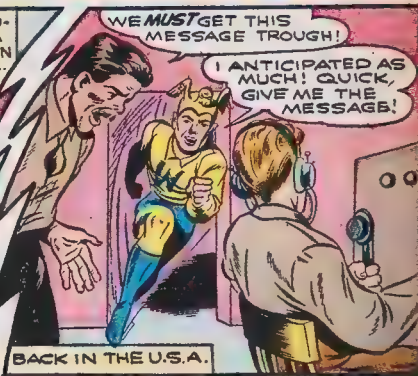
XYZ
**!!??

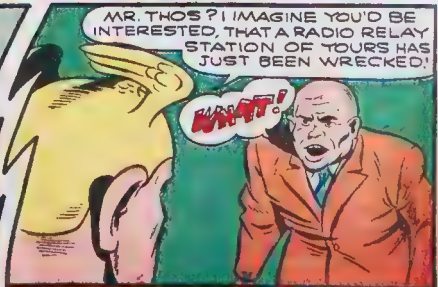
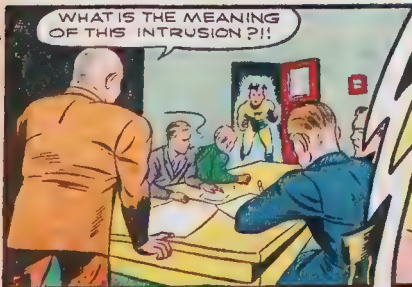
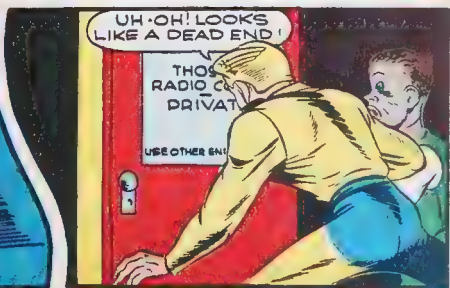
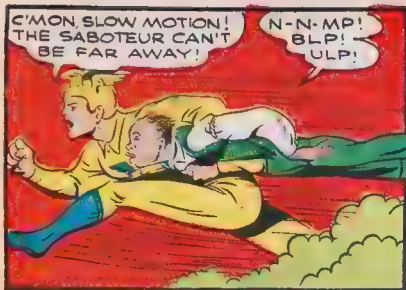
STOP
OR I'LL
SHOOT!

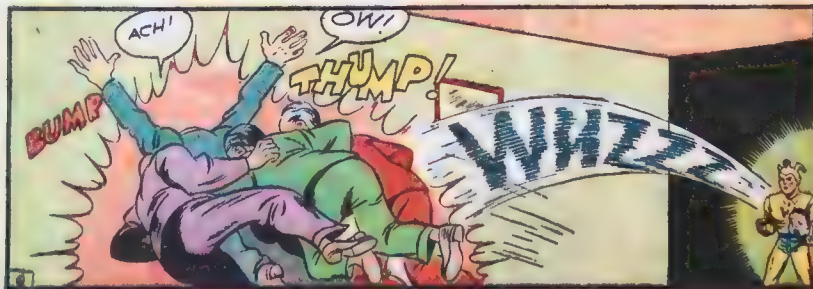
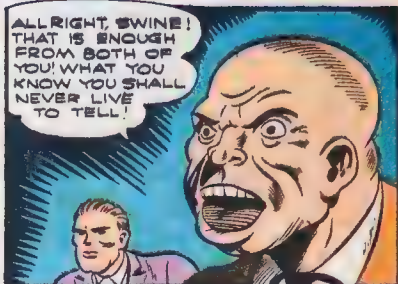
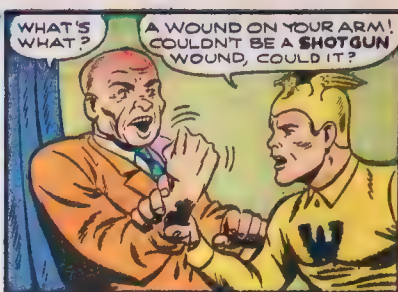
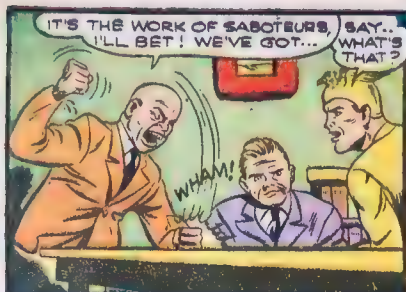


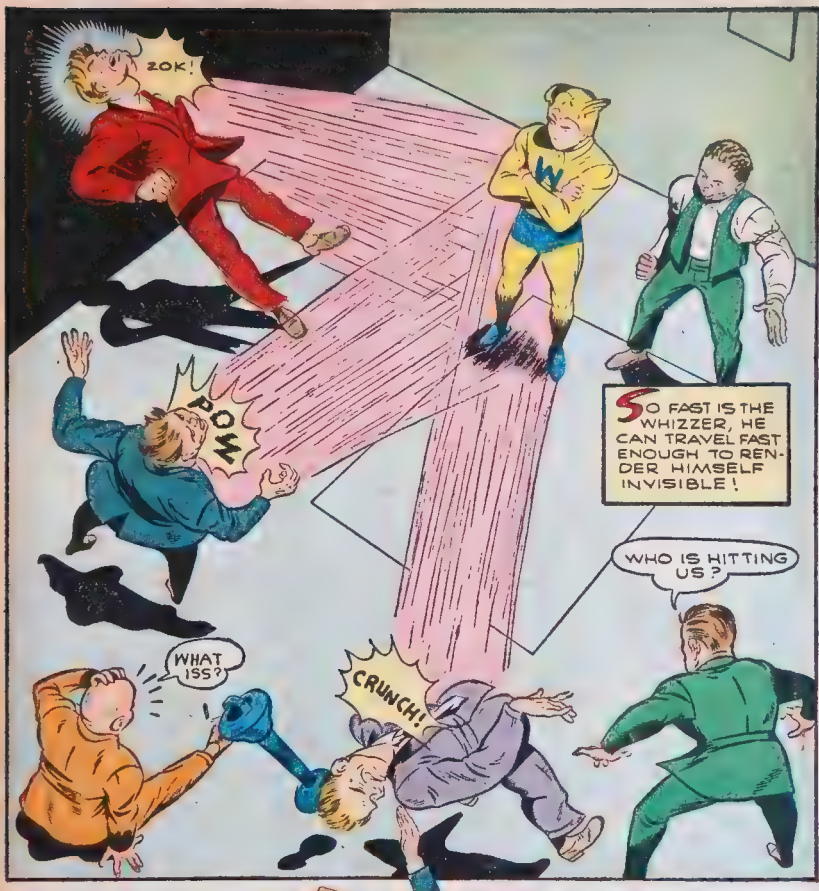
AT THIS MOMENT, THE BOMB GOES OFF!

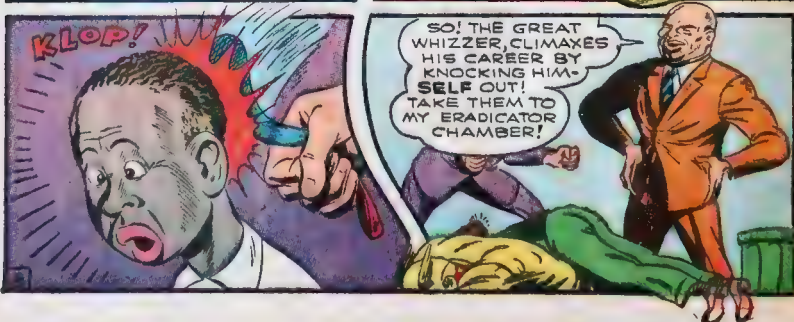
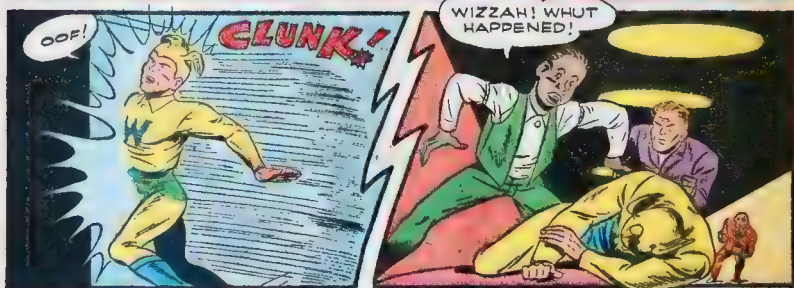
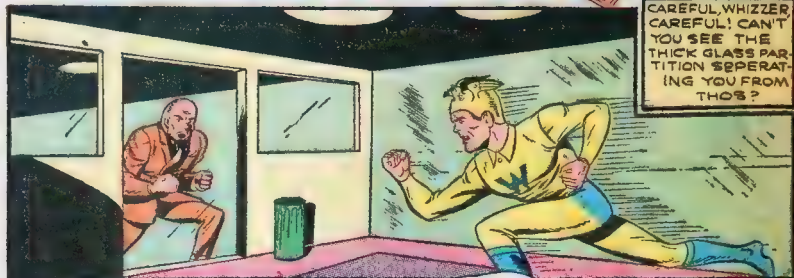


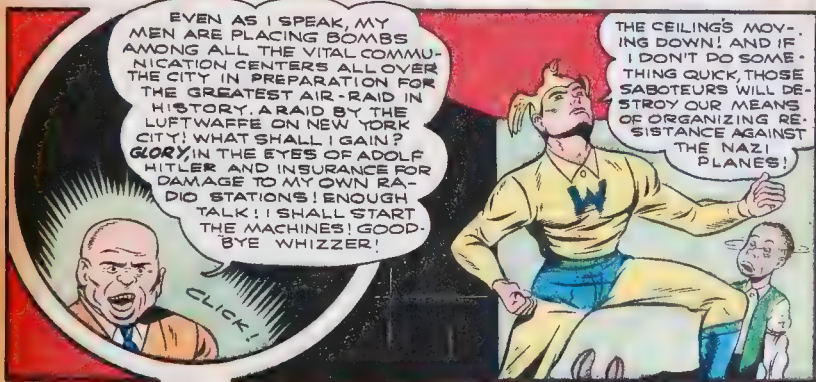
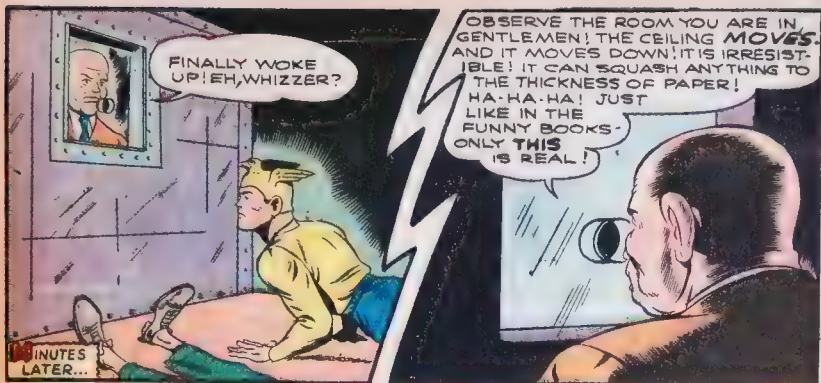






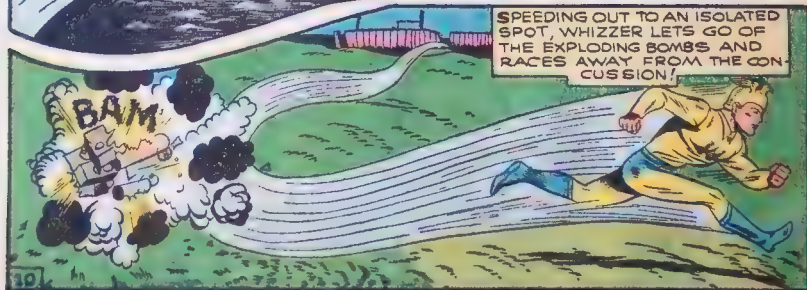
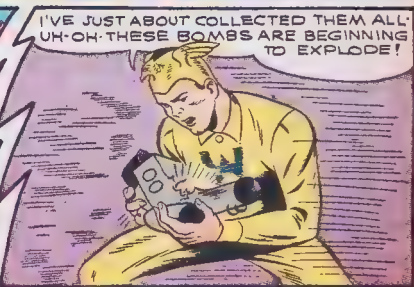
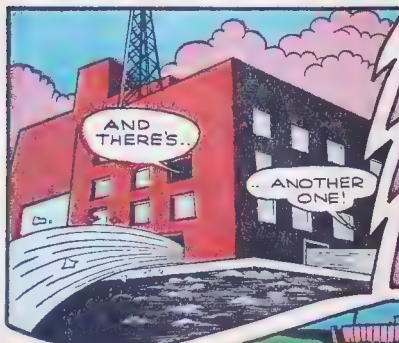
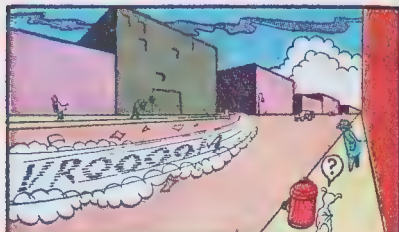
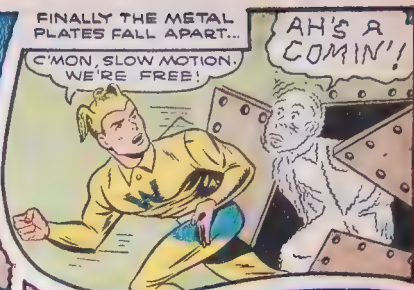


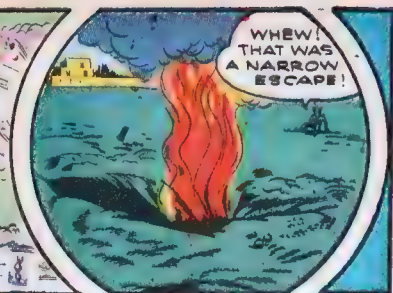
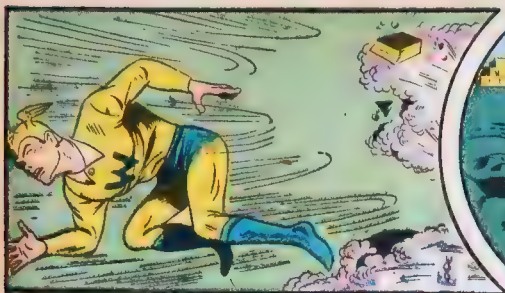




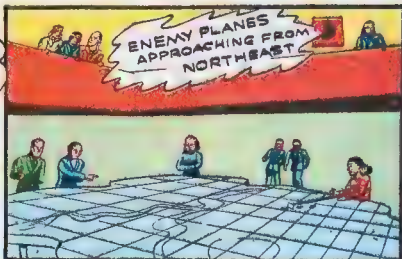
BY MOVING HIS BODY BACK AND FORTH, WHIZZER SETS UP A TREMENDOUS VIBRATION



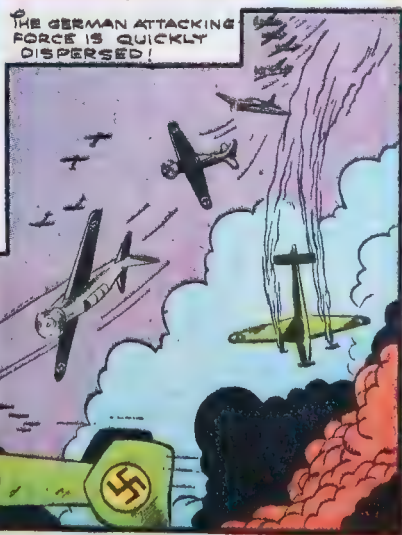
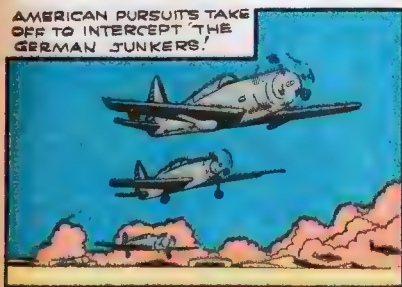


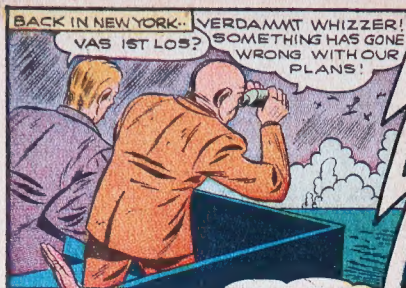


MEANWHILE OFF THE COAST OF LONG ISLAND.....



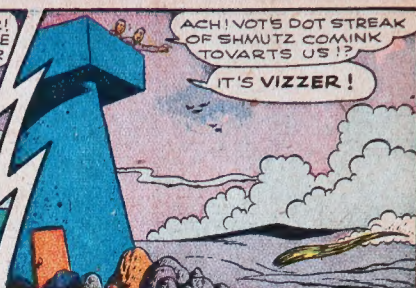
IMMEDIATELY THE COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM OF THE INTERCEPTOR COMMAND (WHICH IS STILL INTACT, THANKS TO WHIZZER) SWINGS INTO ACTION!





BACK IN NEW YORK...
VAS IST LOS?

VERDAMMT WHIZZER!
SOMETHING HAS GONE
WRONG WITH OUR
PLANS!



ACH! VOT'S DOT STREAK
OF SHMUTZ COMINK
TOVARTS US!?

IT'S VIZZER!

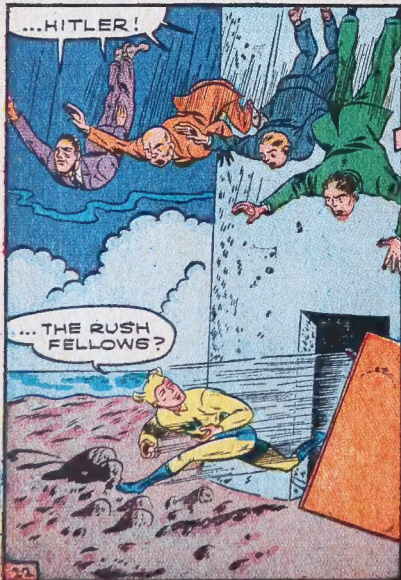


FELLOW NAZIS!
IT IS BETTER FOR
US TO DIE THEN
TO LIVE IN SHAME
IN THE EYES
OF THE NEW
ORDER. FOLLOW
ME, OVER
THE EDGE
TO GLO-
RIOUS DEATH!
HEIL HITLER!



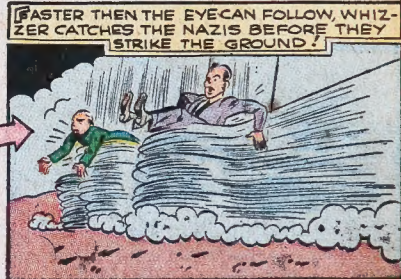
HEIL--

WHATS..

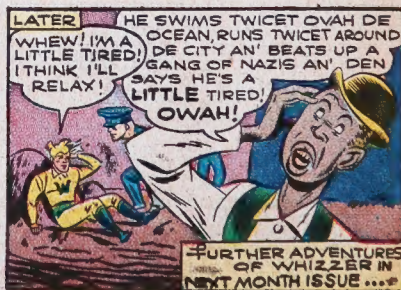


...HITLER!

... THE RUSH
FELLOWS?



FASTER THEN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, WHIZZER
CATCHES THE NAZIS BEFORE THEY
STRIKE THE GROUND!



LATER

HE WHIMS TWICET OVAH DE
OCEAN, RUNS TWICET AROUND
DE CITY AN' BEATS UP A
GANG OF NAZIS AN' DEN
SAYS HE'S A
LITTLE TIRED!
OWAH!

FURTHER ADVENTURES
OF WHIZZER IN
NEXT MONTH ISSUE

Tops!

**THRILLS!
MYSTERY!
ACTION!
COMEDY!
PATRIOTISM!**



**HEY,
KIDS!**

EVERY

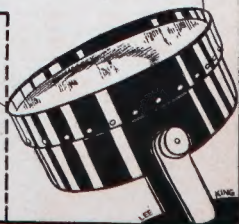
MONTH

YOU'LL WANT TO BECOME A MEMBER OF CAP'S SENTINELS
OF LIBERTY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! TO GET YOUR OFFICIAL
BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD, MAIL THIS COUPON AND 10¢ TODAY
TO: CAPTAIN AMERICA, ROOM 1010, 330 WEST 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY AND STATE _____





WITH THIS OFFER

You can now own a genuine high powered telescope by making it in one evening of easy work. It is included **FREE** with this Special Offer of "Wonders of Science, Simplified." All the optical parts are completely finished

for a refracting telescope over 4 feet long. You can see the mountains and craters on the moon, the ringed planet Saturn, Jupiter and double stars, etc. See airplanes, ships and hundreds of other interesting sights. Makes objects miles away appear close. Complete lens kit contains 2" diameter ground and polished objective lens and 33 power eyepiece lens made in the good old U.S.A. with full directions for mounting. Read how you can get your 33 power telescope lens kit **FREE** with this offer.

WONDERS AND MYSTERIES OF SCIENCE IN THRILLING STORY AND 1,000 PICTURES

You can now enter the wondrous world of tomorrow. You can now go on thrilling tours through the wonderland of Science. Here is the telescope, the microscope, the spectroscope. Here are tours through talking picture studios and television studios. Here is aviation opening up the new world of speed and distance. And here, too, is the photo-electric cell, the

marvelous eagle eye that will make men of the future supermen. These and hundreds of others are all yours in the three exciting volumes of **WONDERS OF SCIENCE, SIMPLIFIED.**

3 GREAT VOLUMES BOUND TOGETHER CONTAIN 1,000 PICTURES AND 15 BOOKS

This fascinating work contains three thrilling volumes bound together. It is packed with a thousand pictures which simplify its contents. Think of it—dozens and dozens, hundreds and hundreds of scientific pictures. Pictures of all kinds on Mechanics, Astronomy, Physics, Biology, etc.—dynamic diagrams, panoramic illustrations, and action-photographs up to 100 square inches in size! These hundreds and hundreds of dazzling illustrations cram the gorgeous volumes—and each of the three volumes is almost a foot high, and when opened over a foot wide!

YOUR FRIENDS WILL ADMIRE YOU

Through the simplicity of the text, the tremendous record of Science is brought lavishly before you. The mightiest marvels of mankind thrill you as you read their stories. Invention, Geography, Zoology, Engineering, etc.—they are so simple and easy to understand. No wonder every person who has read and mastered this exciting wonderbook becomes a "walking encyclopedia" and is looked up to by his friends as a "scientific wizard."

BIG FREE OFFER—SEND NO MONEY

These three great, profusely-illustrated volumes of "Wonders of Science, Simplified" (bound together formerly sold for \$5.00. But it is offered to you now for only \$1.98 plus postage. Act at once and we will include **FREE** with your order of the 33 power long distance telescope lens kit described above. You take no risk because you must be 100% delighted or you may return for full refund within five days. **ACT NOW**—as this offer is limited to the supply of 33 power telescope lens kits available. This offer may never be yours again. **SEND RUSH COUPON AT ONCE.**

METRO PUBLICATIONS, Dept. 553
70 Fifth Avenue, New York

Send me a copy of "Wonders of Science, Simplified" (three dazzling volumes bound together, over 1,000 illustrations) . . . also include my long distance telescope lens kit with this order. I will postman \$1.98 plus postage on arrival. If I am not satisfied I may return them within five days for full refund.

NAME

ADDRESS
☐ Check here if you are enclosing \$1.98, thus saving mailing costs (same guarantee).

HUNDREDS OF PHOTOGRAPHS, MAPS, DRAWINGS, ETC.

3 Volumes Bound in 1

Volume I—PARTIAL CONTENTS WONDERS OF NATURE

- BOOK 1. History & Mystery of Astronomy
How Man Used to Think of Earth and Sky
How the Solar System Originated
The Enormous Size of Some Stars
- BOOK 2. Odddest Phenomena on Earth
Spouting Fountains of Boiling Water
A Marvellous Mountain of Solid Salt
- BOOK 3. Watching the World Change
Continents and Oceans Were Formed
How We Know Ground Sinks and Rises
Strange Tale of a Buried Town
- BOOK 4. Secrets of Weather Simplified
Storms on Sun and Storms on Earth
The Strange Anatomy of a Ball of Fire
- BOOK 5. Through Wonderland of Nature
The Regions of Frost and Fire
The Inside of an Active Volcano

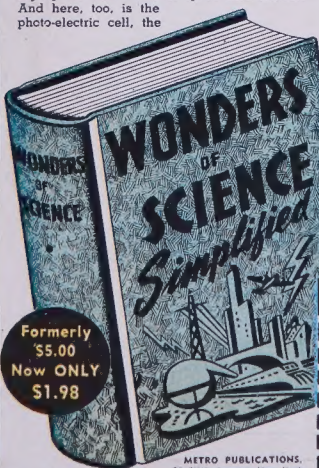
Volume II—PARTIAL CONTENTS WONDERS OF POPULAR SCIENCE

- BOOK 6. Pictorial Outline of Progress
Nearly Two Centuries of Steamships
Queer Forerunners of the Motor-Car
Development of the Modern Locomotive
- BOOK 7. Amazing Adventures in Science
The Mystery of the Burning Glass
The Marvel of the Electro-Magnet
The Wonder of the Infra-Red Rays
- BOOK 8. Seven Wonders of Modern World
How a Telescope Brings Things Near
How a Microscope Makes Things Big
The Latest Method of Television
- BOOK 9. Manual of Simplified Experiments
Science Experiments for Everybody
Experiments With Simple Chemicals
- BOOK 10. How Great Inventions Work
Inside of a Great Modern Steamship
A Big Coal Mine With the Lid Off
How a Submarine Sinks and Rises

Volume III—PARTIAL CONTENTS WONDERS OF LIFE

- BOOK 11. Creatures in Prehistoric Ages
Life on Earth 30 Million Years Ago
Life on Earth 250,000 Years Ago
- BOOK 12. Marvels of Plant Life
Plants That Catch and Eat Insects
Strange Freaks of Plant Growth
- BOOK 13. Strangest Fish in the Sea
Some Nightmares of the Deep Sea
Queer Fishes That Crawl on Land
- BOOK 14. The Animal World
The Animal the World Nearly Lost
The Utmost of All the Animals
- BOOK 15. Miraculous Machine called Man
The Wonderful Way the Brain Works
What Your Body Looks Like Inside

Formerly
\$5.00
Now ONLY
\$1.98



METRO PUBLICATIONS,
70 Fifth Avenue, New York

Yoc Edit
No. 507

Oct 13, 2015

ALL

A "TC"
Comic

WINNERS



ANOTHER RANGERHOUSE SCAN!